Communist Arms in Vietnam and Africa

March 7, 1968 35¢

CIVIL-RIGHTS PROGRESS OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tranquilizer or stimulant? It depends on the way you look at it.

You can relax with television, or be stimulated by television, or even be provoked by television. How television affects you, depends on the way you choose to look at it.

Your choices in March include a three-part adaptation of William Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" and Michael Gazzo's drama "A Hatful of Rain." An examination of Dr. Salk's research and an analysis of the results of the first Presidential primary election. An in-depth study of Soviet progress in outer space and, from Africa, a special on the game-filled Plains of Serengeti. And always, the news.

Sound like a month of tranquilizers? Hardly.

The Soviets in Space. NBC News Special. The many facets of the Soviet space program. Kenneth Bernstein reports. Friday, Mar. 1 (10-11 pm).

A Hatful of Rain. Sandy Dennis, Peter Falk, Michael Parks and Herschel Bernardi in Michael Gazzo's Broadway drama. Sunday, Mar. 3 (9-11 pm).

The 21st Century. Dr. Jonas Salk. A look at medical research conducted by Dr. Salk. Sunday, Mar. 3; Perspectives. A panel of futurists discusses aspects of science, philosophy and religion today and in the 21st century. Narrated by Walter Cronkite. Sunday, Mar. 10 (6-6:30 pm).

The CBS Children's Film Festival. Kukla, Fran and Ollie host distinguished motion pictures from many lands. Sundays, Mar. 3 (4-5 pm), 10, 17 (4:30-5:30 pm); Mar. 24 (4-5:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents—Part II. Guests include pianist Artur Rubinstein, violinist David Oistrakh and the Bolshoi Ballet. Tuesday, Mar. 5 (9:30-11 pm).

Savage World of the Coral Jungle. The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau: records the mystery, beauty and terror of the animal and plant life in the coral reefs. Wednesday, Mar. 6 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. An adaptation of William L. Shirer's history of Nazi Germany, narrated by Richard Basehart. Part I—The Rise to Power, Wednesday, Mar. 6 (10-11 pm); Part II—The Road to War, Friday, Mar. 8 (10-11 pm); Part III—Gotterdammerung, Saturday, Mar. 9 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Bell Telephone Hour. Man Who Dances. The balletic art of Edward Villella. Friday, Mar. 8 (10-11 pm); Opera: Two-Six. Singers Joan Sutherland, Phyllis Curtin, Tito Gobbi, Nicolai Gedda, Mildred Miller, Jerome Hines, Charles Anthony featured. Friday, Mar. 22 (10-11 pm).

Campaign '68: New Hampshire and Beyond. Election-night report and analysis of the New Hampshire primary results. Tuesday, Mar. 12 (10-11 pm).

The Actor. Alec Guinness narrates this close-up of actors and the theatre arts. Friday, Mar. 15 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Travels With Charley. Henry Fonda narrates program based on John Steinbeck's book about his poodle. Sunday, Mar. 17 (10-11 pm).

The Reluctant Dragon. NBC Children's Theatre: Kenneth Grahame's classic performed by Burr Tillstrom and Fran Allison (Kukla, Fran and Ollie). Thursday, Mar. 21 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Kiss Me Kate. Robert Goulet, Carol Lawrence, Michael Callan star in this adaptation of Cole Porter's musical classic. Monday, Mar. 25 (9:30-11 pm).

How Life Begins. The miracle of birth. Tuesday, Mar. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Plains of Serengeti. A news special focusing on the African game preserve. Friday, Mar. 29 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein. Sunday, Mar. 31 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ Wonderful World of Golf/ABC's Wide World of Sports/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/ Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/ Animal Secrets/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/ The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

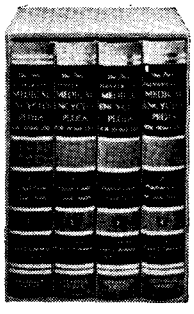
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN CONTINUOUSLY ACQUIRE VALUABLE BOOK-DIVIDENDS LIKE THESE

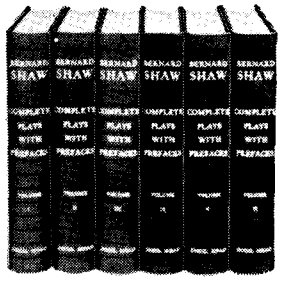
as a new member of the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Begin by choosing any of these sets [UP TO SIX VOLUMES] FOR ONLY $1 A VOLUME

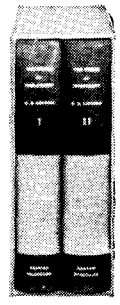
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You agree to buy three additional Club choices within a year at the special members' prices



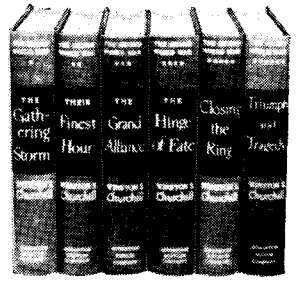
469. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR HOME USE. *Edited by* ROBERT E. ROTHENBERG, M.D.
Retail price **$50**



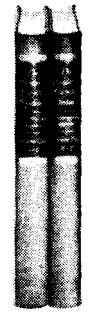
560. BERNARD SHAW Complete Plays with Prefaces
Retail price **$45**



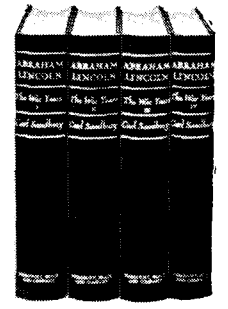
321. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY *Edited by* G. B. LEVITAS
Retail price **$17.50**



404. THE SECOND WORLD WAR *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Retail prices, if bought separately, total **$39**



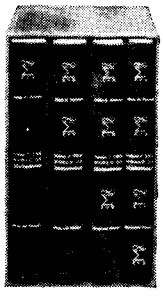
367. THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA *Edited by* WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Second edition
Illustrated
Retail price **$14.95**



281. ABRAHAM LINCOLN The War Years *by* CARL SANDBURG
Illustrated
Retail price **$40**

509. THE OXFORD BOOKS OF AMERICAN and ENGLISH VERSE
Retail prices total **$14.50**

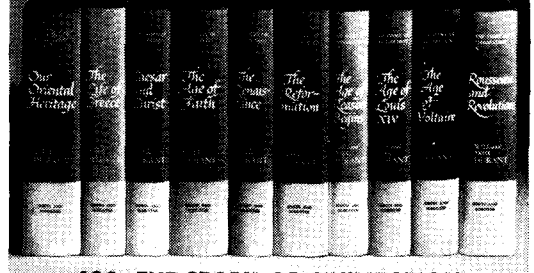
115. OUR WORLD AND THE UNIVERSE AROUND IT
Illustrated
Retail price **$40**



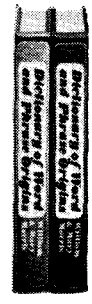
428. THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS *Edited by* JAMES R. NEWMAN
Retail price **$25**

399. N.Y. TIMES COOK BOOK and N.Y. TIMES MENU COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE
Retail prices total **$19.90**

IF YOU PREFER, YOU MAY CHOOSE THIS 10-VOLUME SET FOR ONLY $1.50 A VOLUME



400. THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION *by* WILL DURANT *and* ARIEL DURANT
Retail price **$113**



398. DICTIONARY OF WORD AND PHRASE ORIGINS *by* WILLIAM *and* MARY MORRIS
Retail price **$14.45**

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE OBVIOUS PURPOSE of this suggested trial is to have you discover, *by actual experience,* the extraordinary opportunity you will have to acquire a well-rounded library at little cost—through the Club's unique Book-Dividend system. The system is simple: If you continue after this trial, for every Club Selection—or Alternate—you buy, you will earn a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, will entitle you to a fine library volume, which you may choose from over a hundred titles.

✶ **HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?** A portion of the amount members pay for the books they buy is accumulated and invested in entire editions of valuable books and sets through special contractual arrangements with the publishers in each case. These are the Club's Book-Dividends, and members are free to choose among them. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, **almost $415,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by members** through this unique plan.

✶ **GOOD SENSE** • No less important than this almost incredible library-building plan are three other long-proved benefits of membership. First, members *have a wide choice* among the best new books—at least 200 a year. Second, the Club's prices to members average 20% below retail prices. Finally, and perhaps most important, the Club's unique method of operation **insures you against missing the new books you fully intend to read,** but so often fail to read simply through oversight or overbusyness.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014 A157-3-1

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the library set or sets—up to six volumes—whose number(s) I have indicated in the boxes below, billing me $1.00 for each volume ($1.50 a volume if I select the 10-volume *Story of Civilization*). I agree to purchase at least three monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described at left. (A small charge is added to all shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books at *a special combined price.* Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER(S) IN BOXES THE SET OR SETS YOU WANT

MR. MRS. MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address 8-29

City & State ..... *Zone or Zip* .....

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia Record Club's special offer to lovers of Classical Music–

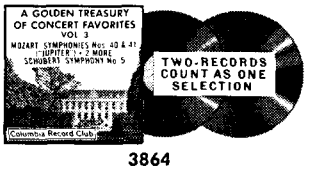
Enjoy the Classical Records You Want–at Savings of

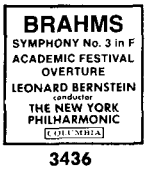
5648

5898-5899

5569

5647


A GOLDEN TREASURY OF CONCERT FAVORITES VOL. 3
MOZART SYMPHONIES Nos. 40 & 41 JUPITER + 2 MORE
SCHUBERT SYMPHONY No. 5
Columbia Record Club
TWO-RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
3864



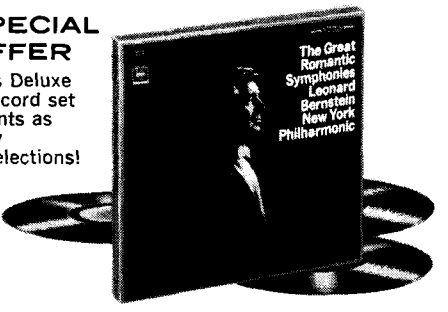
3436

3137

5900-5901

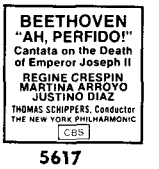
SPECIAL OFFER

This Deluxe 3-record set counts as only 2 selections!



BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS THE GREAT ROMANTIC SYMPHONIES

2911-2912. Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic in masterful recordings of Franck's Symphony in D Minor; Dvořák's Symphony Number 5 in E Minor ("From the New World"); Mendelssohn's Symphony Number 4 in A Major ("Italian"); and Schubert's Symphony Number 8 in B Minor ("Unfinished").



5617

5407

3258

5411

5531

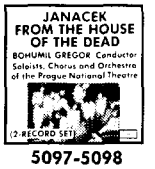
3343-3344

SPECIAL OFFER

This Deluxe 7-record set counts as only 4 selections!

BEETHOVEN'S NINE SYMPHONIES

2203-2204-2205-2206. All nine of Beethoven's Symphonies are included in this deluxe package of seven records (but which count as only 4 selections)! George Szell conducts the Cleveland Orchestra in inspired interpretations of these important works which deserve a prominent position in your library of fine recordings.

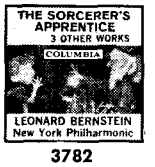

JANACEK
FROM THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD
BOHUMIL GREGOR Conductor
Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of the Prague National Theatre
(2-RECORD SET)
5097-5098

1090

3628

3527

1067



3782

1325

2213

2214

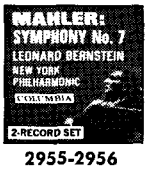
4647-4648

5318

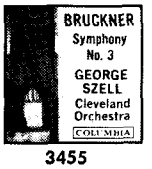
2509

2704

5236



2955-2956



3455

3595-3596-3597

3889

3890

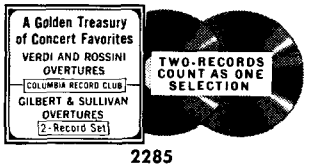
1076

1083

2471

1264

2348-2349


A Golden Treasury of Concert Favorites
VERDI AND ROSSINI OVERTURES
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
GILBERT & SULLIVAN OVERTURES
2-Record Set
TWO-RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
2285

THE MAGIC WORLD OF ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

5965. VIENNA, CITY OF DREAMS and KALEIDOSCOPE. Includes: Waltz from "The Merry Widow"; Schoen Rosmarin; The Blue Danube; Love's Sorrow; Perpetual Motion; Sabre Dance; June Barcarolle; Pas de Deux and Marche Miniature from "The Nutcracker"; The Maid With The Flaxen Hair; 23 melodic favorites in all!

© 1968 CBS Direct Marketing Services
568/S68

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5883

5437

4387

5372

5532

Almost 50%

2018

5234

2479

1605

1695

You are invited to take

ANY 10

STEREO OR REGULAR RECORDS

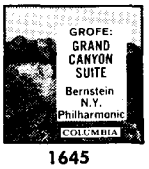
FREE

if you begin membership by buying just one record now, and agree to purchase an additional nine records during the coming year (you will have up to 300 records a month to choose from)

5839

5320-5321

3780



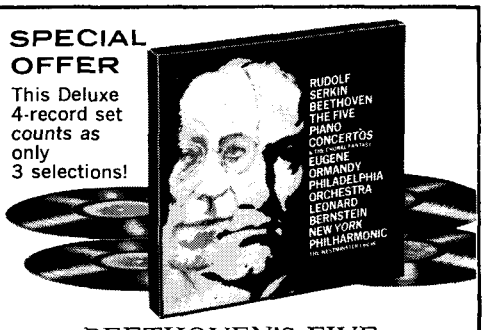
1645

2887

1606

SPECIAL OFFER

This Deluxe 4-record set counts as only 3 selections!



BEETHOVEN'S FIVE PIANO CONCERTOS

2463-2464-2465. A monumental collection of the five Beethoven Piano Concerts as performed by world-renowned Rudolf Serkin backed by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic and Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

3767-3768

2267

2881

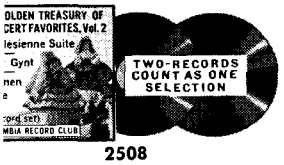
3760

2640

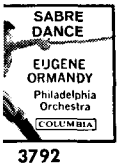
2652

2875

3773

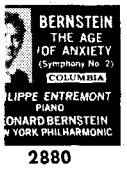


2508



3792

1172



2880

2244

5529

2245

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR 10 RECORDS — FREE

1. Print your name and address in the spaces provided at the right.
2. Write in the numbers of your 10 free records—then choose another record as your first selection, for which you will be billed $4.98 (stereo or regular high-fidelity), plus postage and handling.
3. Check whether you want your 11 records (and all future selections) in stereo or regular

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES. Each month you will receive, free, the Club's music magazine — which describes all forthcoming selections. You may accept the monthly Classical selection, or take any of the other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase nine more records during the coming year. In short, within a year you'll have at least twenty brand-new albums of your choice — but you'll have paid for only ten.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $5.98 (occasional Original Cast recordings and other special albums somewhat higher; Popular $4.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

YOU GET MORE FREE RECORDS... as soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you continue to receive ONE RECORD FREE FOR EVERY RECORD YOU BUY! It's the best bonus plan in existence today, because you pay as little as $2.84 a record (including all shipping charges)...and you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

1

Name.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

Do You Have a Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

2 SEND ME THESE TEN RECORDS — FREE (fill in numbers below)

SEND THIS RECORD AS MY FIRST SELECTION ☐

3 SEND MY RECORDS AND ALL FUTURE SELECTIONS IN (check one box) ☐ Stereo ☐ Regular High-Fidelity

234-5/K4

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICANS AND THE FRENCH

Crane Brinton

Franco-American relations have worsened in the last few decades and not only does there seem to be no sign of improvement, but there exists at least the possibility of serious hostility.

In his outspoken discussion of the rapidly changing France with which Americans have been confronted since World War II, Mr. Brinton restores a needed balance to the tone of American comment by making understandable many French actions and attitudes that Americans have found gratuitously irritating or worse. Writing as a lover of France, he shows that the very similarities between the countries are of a kind that can lead more readily to estrangement than to friendship.

Any policy that could isolate France would be disastrous.

"We are strong enough," he concludes, "to treat France as a great power, as it is just possible, she is and will long be." To his mind, this is our best chance for rapprochement.

The latest volume in the *American Foreign Policy Library*. $6.75

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. Gerald M. Craig. This comprehensive account of Canadian-American relations stresses Canada's separate development — from the colonial beginnings to today's sharp tensions between English- and French-speaking Canadians. *American Foreign Policy Library*. $7.95

De GAULLE'S FOREIGN POLICY: 1944-1946. A. W. DePorte. This lucid study shows that the measures Charles de Gaulle took in foreign affairs as head of the provisional French government at the end of World War II foreshadowed and largely explain many policies he has pursued since. $7.95

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton *Managing Editor*, Donald A. Allan
Senior Editor, Derek Morgan *Washington Editor*, Meg Greenfield
Art Director, Reg Massie *Literary Editor*, Nora Magid
Associate Editor, Kenneth Goodall *Copy Editor*, Elizabeth Stille
Writers: Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, George Bailey, Denis Warner, Martin Nolan
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Editors*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson, Jr., Lee Culpepper, Elizabeth N. Layne
General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Advertising*, Roger J. Lederer
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander *Production Manager*, Rudolph Ford
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza *Asst. Circ. Mgr.*, Natalie S. Garr
Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 38, NO. 5 **MARCH 7, 1968**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 12

Communist Arms in Vietnam and Africa

HIGH STAKES SOUTHEAST OF SUEZ . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 17

GAINS AND LOSSES IN SAIGON . . . . . *Denis Warner* 21

At Home & Abroad

CIVIL-RIGHTS PROGRESS OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT . . . . . *Marvin Rich* 25

CHEDDI JAGAN RETURNS TO BATTLE . . *Winthrop P. Carty and Nicholas Raymond* 28

DE GAULLE'S OUTPOSTS IN THE CARIBBEAN . . . . . *Barry Lando* 30

THE RAPE CASE THAT SHOOK MARYLAND . . . . . *Thomas W. Lippman* 32

RHODESIA BEATS THE RAP . . . . . *John D. Kirwan* 35

Views & Reviews

BY THE BRANDY STILL . . . . . *Ivo Andric* 36

CARMEN MIRANDA (VERSE) . . . . . *Frank Polite* 42

WITHOUT THAT SPARK . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 43

MOLTO CANTABILE . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 44

Books:

MAKING *What?* . . . . . *Andrew M. Greeley* 46

THE TROUBLE WITH JEEVES . . . . . *Sarel Eimerl* 47

CARTOON . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 14

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 9

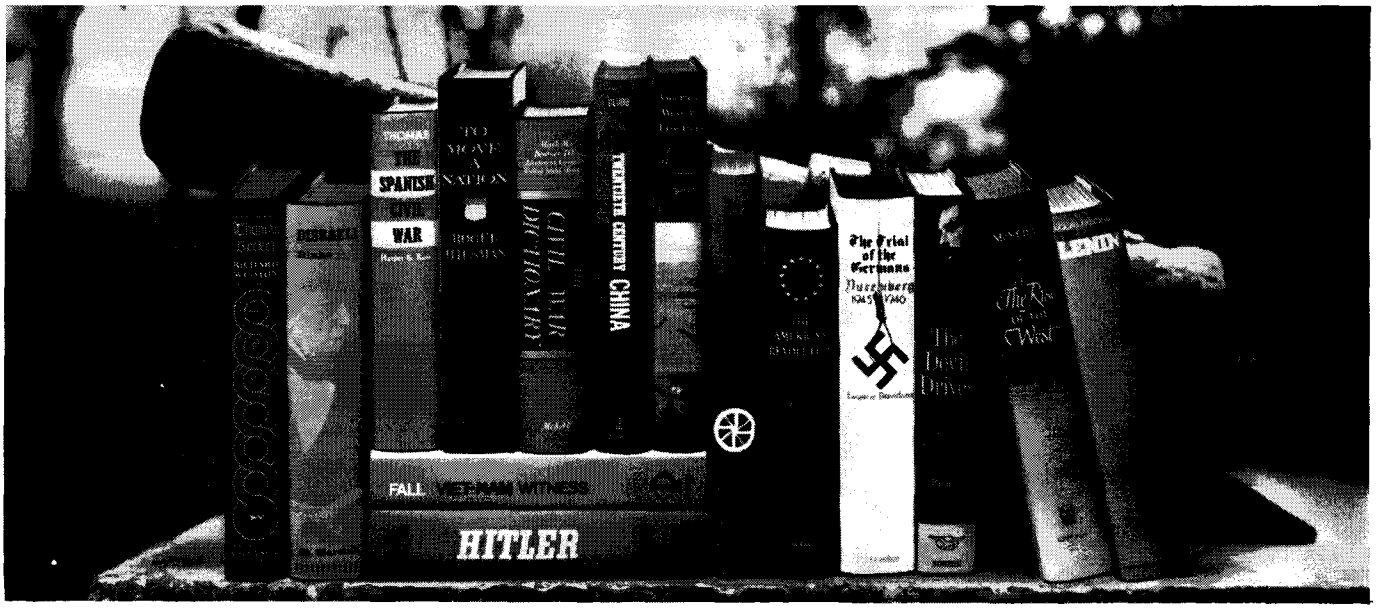
THE REPORTER. March 7, 1968, Volume 38, No. 5. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021. © 1968 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U.S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, Box 501, Des Moines, Iowa 50302.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800. Washington Office: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006; (202) 298-8186.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS ON IMPORTANT WORKS OF HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS!



Any 3 of these valuable books FOR ONLY 99¢ FOR ALL THREE

with your first History Book Club membership choice

586. OLD BRUIN: COMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, *By Samuel Eliot Morison.* Colorful biography of the naval officer and diplomat who opened Japan. $12.50/**$8.50**

578. PAX AMERICANA *By Ronald Steel.* America's global empire is the object of this provocative critique. $6.95/**$5.75**

570. CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD: THE LIFE OF CHINGIS-KHAN *By Rene Grousset.* An exciting modern retelling of the Mongol conquest of most of the 13th-century world. $6.95/**$5.75**

445. RISE OF THE WEST *By William H. McNeill.* National Book Award history of the human community since 6000 B.C. $12.50/**$9.50**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE *By Stuart Piggott.* From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, this fascinating survey traces the prehistory of barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. $7.50/**$6.15**

470. 20th CENTURY CHINA *By O. Edmund Clubb.* From Manchu to Mao—history by a veteran "China hand." $7.95/**$5.95**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY *By Alan Bullock.* Enlarged, revised edition (848 pages) of *the* definitive work on Hitler. $10.00/**$6.95**

545. VIET-NAM WITNESS, 1953-66 *By Bernard B. Fall.* The evolution of our Viet-Nam crisis. "More useful than any other [book] to an understanding of the intricate issues." *Walter Millis.* $6.95/**$5.80**

584. THOMAS BECKET *By Richard Winston.* The life and times of this fascinating medieval figure—archbishop, statesman, soldier, martyr—in a major new study. $10.00/**$7.50**

587. HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY *By Russell F. Weigley.* The development of the Army from colonial times to Viet-Nam. $12.95/**$8.60**

573. DISRAELI *By Robert Blake.* This best-selling portrait of Queen Victoria's enigmatic genius—and his fascinating age—has been acclaimed as a masterpiece. $12.50/**$8.75**

601. ALEXANDER HAMILTON: A PROFILE *Edited by Jacob E. Cooke.* Fourteen outstanding essays on the man, his thoughts and his deeds, plus biography. $5.95/**$4.95**

369. THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR *By Hugh Thomas.* A spellbinder—the complete history of the grim "dress rehearsal for World War Two." $8.95/**$6.50**

444. MEDIEVAL HISTORY *By Norman F. Cantor.* Life and death of a grim yet colorful civilization. $8.95/**$7.40**

476. THE LIFE OF LENIN *By Louis Fischer.* The authoritative story—winner of the National Book Award. $12.50/**$8.50**

563. LATIN AMERICA: A CULTURAL HISTORY *By German Arciniegas.* From Columbus to Castro—the ideas, customs, religions, literature and arts. $10.00/**$6.95**

583. THE DEVIL DRIVES: A LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON *By Fawn M. Brodie.* A full-size portrait of a most improper Victorian—explorer, anthropologist, translator, poet, pioneer sexologist. "Buy it, steal it, read it." *N. Y. Times.* $6.95/**$5.70**

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY *By M. M. Boatner III.* Encyclopedic inventory of battles, leaders, units, weapons, etc. $15.00/**$8.95**

579. SUEZ *By Hugh Thomas.* A brilliant study of the complex and fateful 1956 Suez crisis. $5.95/**$4.95**

602. THOMAS JEFFERSON: A PROFILE *Edited by Merrill D. Peterson.* Eleven outstanding essays on the man, his thoughts and his deeds, plus biography. $5.95/**$4.95**

589. THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY IN WESTERN CULTURE *By David Brion Davis.* This Pulitzer Prize study is vast in scope, rich in detail. $10.00/**$7.50**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: NUREMBERG, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* Twenty-two brilliant biographies of the Nuremberg war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. $12.50/**$8.95**

590. THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY *By Louis J. Halle.* A revealing examination of power politics, 1947-1962, by a State Department veteran. $6.95/**$5.70**

567. AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIERS *By John A. Hawgood.* First winner of the Knopf Western History Prize. A lively social history of the explorers, adventurers and settlers who opened up the West. $10.00/**$7.50**

First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** Last year, members enjoyed savings of over 50% on their choice of the finest works of history and world affairs.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** Unlike members of most clubs, you may use your bonus certificates to acquire any of the more than 100 titles we offer each month. A bonus certificate is earned with every four purchases after your trial membership.
- **Exceptional quality.** The Club consistently brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions—never economy "book club" reprints.

ENROLL NOW TO RECEIVE UP TO $40.45 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR ONLY 99¢

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please open a Trial Membership for me and send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99¢ for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 100 offered at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.)

Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter. (NOTE: Bonus Books are shipped at the Club's expense; on all other shipments a small postage and packing charge is added.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three ☐ ☐ ☐

Fill in number of your choice at member's price ☐

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip Code _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly.

RR92S

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This invention of yours
will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls
because they will not use their memories...
they will appear to be omniscient,
and will generally
know nothing."

...from Plato's *Phaedrus*

Thus spoke the Egyptian god, Thamuz,
to the inventor of the alphabet.

Just as controversial—yet perhaps
even more important to the future of
education—is a more recent innovation:
the development of nationwide
resource centers and learning labs...
linked together by the nationwide
complex of Bell System communications.

And what more natural a development?

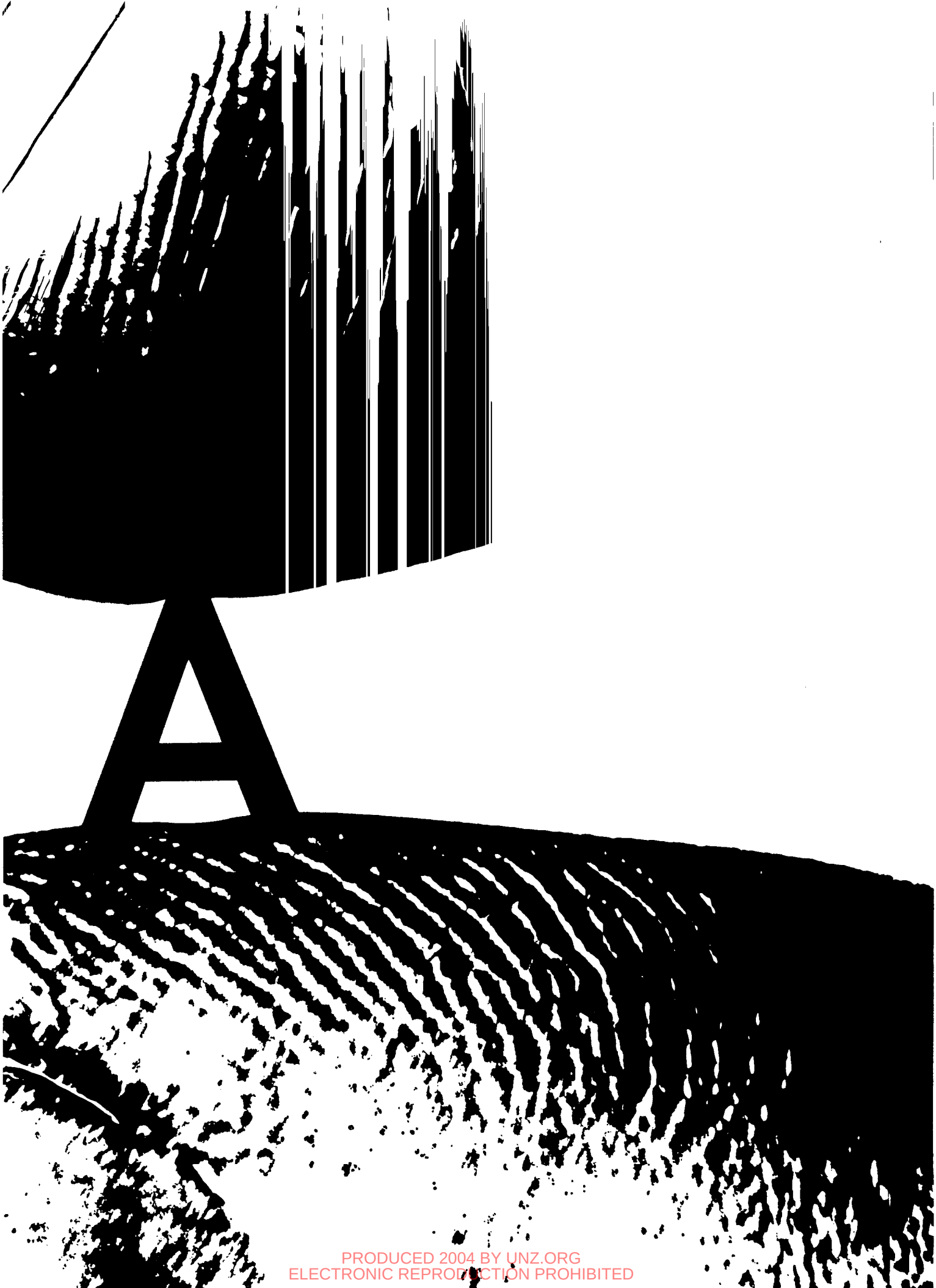
For education must keep pace with
the community in which it exists.
And, as one of the nation's leading
educators recently pointed out:

"On this threshold of another great age
for the humanities, the entire human
community is being made into a global
neighborhood and an interacting whole."

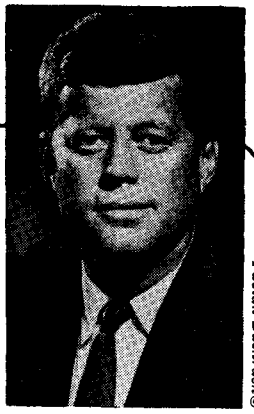
Linking the nation in education

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fabian Bachrach©

Your kind of ambassador?

Your $5 sends John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*, and nine other carefully chosen American paperbacks, to underdeveloped, book-hungry countries where these books can do the most good. Ed Murrow started BOOKS USA "to help close the book gap." President Johnson says: "I urge all Americans to give BOOKS USA their generous support." Answer the President's appeal; send book packets abroad in your name. ***Send Food for Thought — Give to BOOKS USA, Box 1960-A, Washington, D.C. 20013.***

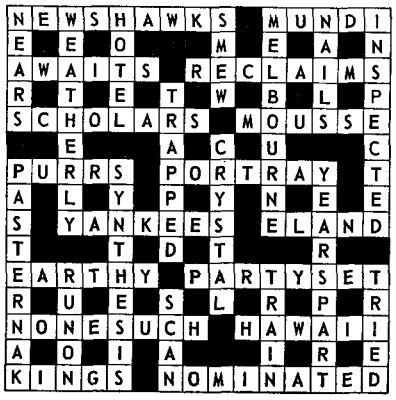
BOOKS USA

Make checks payable to BOOKS USA. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #186


NEWSHAWKS MUNDI
E E O M E A N
AWAITS RECLAIMS
R T E T W B L P
SCHOLARS MOUSSE
E A C U C
PURRS PORTRAY T
A L Y P Y N E E
S YANKEES ELAND
T T D T R
EARTHY PARTYSET
R U E S L R P R
NONESUCH HAWAII
A O I A I R E
KINGS NOMINATED

Acrostician—

MAO TSE-TUNG

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

When one great power—indeed an empire—withers away, we can be sure that another will press to take its place. Sometimes it happens neatly without upsetting global balance; more often it touches off a jockeying for position that sets the balance rocking. The latter is true of the adjustments being forced by the British withdrawal East of Suez, and as yet we are only beginning to see just how wide-ranging its effects may be. While most attention has been focused on the Southeast Asian end of the Aden to Singapore defense line, according to **Noel Mostert** the most damaging impact may eventually be felt on the shores of the Indian Ocean, and especially in East Africa. Soviet sea and air power, already in the Mediterranean, is poised to move southeast of Suez. Soviet and Chinese "advisers" already have a foothold in what was British East Africa, and show signs of increasing their activity. In this changing scene France is playing a devious game. It has supplied South Africa with weapons denied it by Britain and may even be maneuvering to shift the center of world gold trading from London to Paris. In the background is the common interest of both France and South Africa in increasing the price of gold, thereby shaking the precarious international monetary system. The Communists and President de Gaulle have thus moved in on the heels of British retreat and while the United States, for reasons that we will analyze later, failed to take action. Mr. Mostert is a free-lance writer who specializes in British and African affairs. . . . The tragic toll of death and destruction in Vietnam has reached such proportions that it overshadows the questions of gain or loss for either side. Nevertheless, these considerations, as yet difficult to weigh, will ultimately reveal the significance of the offensive that began at Tet. **Denis Warner's** preliminary estimate from Saigon is that the government has gained in several respects. He reports the beginnings of a spirit of unity among the people and the diverse political groups in the face of General Giap's all-or-nothing strategy. And he counts as losses for Giap his heavy casualties and the lack of uprisings in the cities. At the same time, more heavy blows are expected, perhaps climaxing in August, which is not likely to be a peaceful month in this country, either. The test ahead will require all the strength of purpose we possess.

For some time we've been told that the days of joint white and black efforts toward justice through law are over and that the black militants are in command. This obituary of the civil-rights movement is premature. While violence in the cities has held the headlines, steady progress has been made without fanfare in the job of registering Negroes to vote, in strengthening their political and economic organization, and in supporting welfare and tenants' groups in the slums. **Marvin Rich,** executive director of the Scholarship, Education and Defense Fund for Racial Equality, draws a balance sheet of this unheralded achievement. . . . The elections in Guyana are almost a year away, but already Cheddi Jagan, the Marxist former Prime Minister, is charging his rival, the incumbent Forbes Burnham, with rigging the vote. Jagan still controls the East Indians who make up half of the electorate, but the bloc of Negroes and small parties supporting Burnham appears to be just large enough to keep Guyana out of the Communist camp. **Winthrop P. Carty** and **Nicholas Raymond** are editors on the staff of Visión Incorporated. . . . **Barry Lando,** a CBS-TV News writer, visited the French Caribbean islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique recently and returned with a story of growing racial and economic strains. . . . **Thomas W. Lippman** shows how concerned citizens can change their communities. Mr. Lippman covers Montgomery County, Maryland, for the Washington *Post*. . . . Since economic sanctions were imposed on Rhodesia two years ago, the country's trade has actually increased in many categories. How this trick has been accomplished is told by **John D. Kirwan,** a New York free-lancer who specializes in African affairs. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** cartoon is dedicated to innocent victims.

Ivo Andric's story will be included in *The Pasha's Concubine and Other Tales,* to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in June. Mr. Andric won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1961. The translation from the Serbo-Croatian is by Joseph Hitrec, who teaches creative writing at the State University College at Buffalo. . . . **Frank Polite** is a member of the faculty at Youngstown University. . . . As **Gerald Weales** demonstrates, the British invasion of Broadway continues. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity*. . . . **Andrew M. Greeley's** most recent book is *The Changing Catholic College* (Aldine). . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a regular contributor.

Our cover is by **Arthur Shilstone.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle

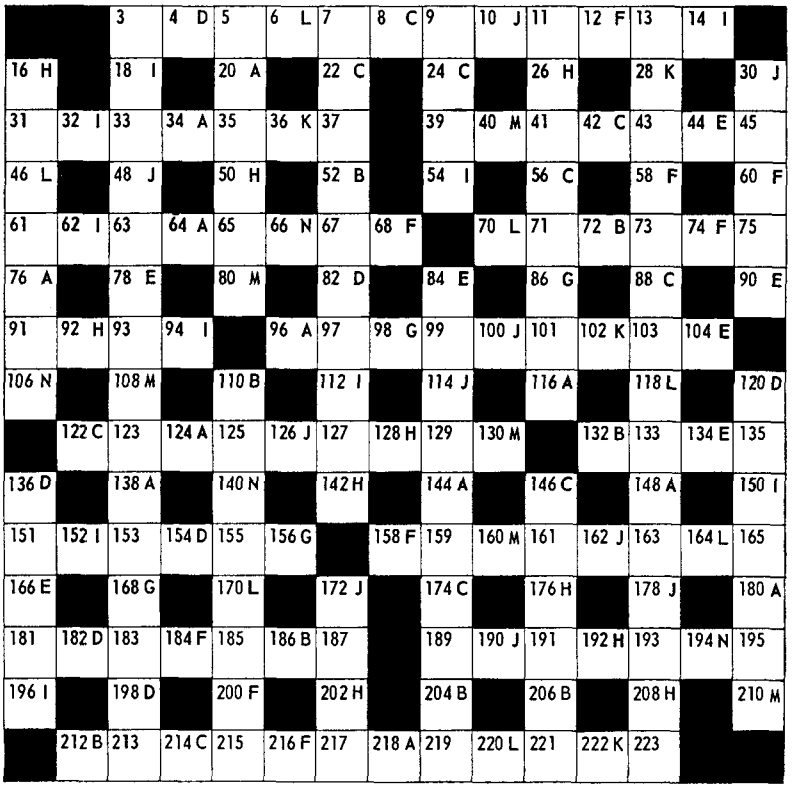
Acrostickler® No. 187

by HENRY ALLEN

© 1968 by the Reporter Magazine Company

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 144 76 138 218 64 20 96 34 148 / 116 180 124 Popular condiment for crackers (6,6).

B 186 72 212 52 206 204 110 132 Eases the load.

C 24 8 56 88 42 146 214 174 122 22 Growing trend in industry.

D 198 4 154 120 82 136 182 A curl of hair.

E 90 44 104 166 78 134 84 Tense (5,2).

F 184 12 158 74 60 216 68 58 200 Plant noted for its syrup (5,4).

G 98 86 156 168 "I have set my life upon a_____." Shakespeare, Richard III.

H 142 176 128 208 26 16 92 50 202 / 192 "All that bowery_____, The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring." Tennyson, "Milton."

I 152 112 62 18 94 14 54 150 196 32 Poetic cliché for what are behind a flashing smile (5,5).

J 126 162 48 100 30 10 172 178 190 / 114 An advertiser's come-on (4,6).

K 222 28 36 102 Tahiti's airport.

L 46 170 70 164 118 220 6 "In all her_____parts Love's always seen." Cowley, "The Change."

M 40 210 80 130 108 160 American for a cheap liquor (3-3).

N 66 106 194 140 Famous theatrical family.

ACROSS

3. Learn something although the detail may not be at home! (4,3,1,4).
31. Kind of rodent which may desert (4,3).
39. Impede a streetcar with a kind of broken tree.
61. Think about the cider, son.
70. A British dessert that may not amount to much.
91. Merely found in the London Lyceum.
96. With 122 across, new job of the Acrostician (9,2,7).
122. See 96 across.
132. Urge on a branch railroad line.
151. A baseball team may be sating.
158. Kind of partly mature plant you may purchase with the wrong rep? (Not in Webster.)
181. A meek saint as Uriah Heep might put it for a trip.
189. Turned rosy with a drunk in bed.
212. What a boat may do and catches on both (4,3,5).

DOWN

3. Welcoming face or receptive aspect? (8,7).
5. Irene finds a penny and a sea nymph.
7. Like a bungalow? That's true (2,3,5).
9. A small piece of wool in something that may be rotated (Brit.).
11. Charge for an apartment for something that's 7 down? (4,4).
13. Why Li'l Abner visited Ole Man Mose—did it pay him? (4,3,1,7).
16. Nothing so rich as a pressure line.
30. Smooth when its mostly a Welsh symbol.
84. Required with prices bred.
110. May be required for old tires by W. Steuben (3,5).
120. It's green and explosive.
136. Set, for example, to get rid of.
146. This rodent may have first-class gout!
172. Noah's son tangled in a net.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE FREE FREE ABSOLUTELY FREE

Have you excitedly joined a book club —only to learn that the monthly selections did not live up to expectations? We would like you to know all about the elite Readers' Subscription before joining. We shall send you—absolutely free — three issues of our monthly brochure, The Griffin. You will learn about the benefits of membership and the distinguished literary fare available only to our members: the poetry, drama, fiction, history, biography, social sciences, literary criticism and literary history of the highest creativity — works that never go out of date. (Many of our best selections can be featured only in The Griffin, not in our newspaper, magazine advertisements.) To learn how special The Readers' Subscription really is—many members have been with us from the beginning, 17 years ago—write for The Griffin today. Simply send us your name, address, zip code and three Griffins will be sent by return mail. Thank you.

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION
Dept. G
404 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10016

USO

IS THERE... ONLY IF YOU CARE

Someone you know needs the USO. Someone you know wants a haven in a hostile world. Someone you know needs a reminder that folks back home really care. Show him you care. Give to the civilian-supported USO through your local United Fund or Community Chest.

USO is there, only if you care.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

CORRESPONDENCE

LIBERALS AND RADICALS

To the Editor: Taken together, your editorial "The Revolt Against Freedom" and William P. Gerberding's "Liberals and Radicals" (*The Reporter*, February 8) constitute the most truthful analysis available of the malaise of today's liberals. To accept and act on the conclusions you've drawn is to make yourself very unpopular with many of your fellow liberals.

Here in Dallas the lot of the liberal is a hard one even under the best of circumstances. Yet, as in other parts of the country, liberals here are split by the factors enumerated so cogently by Professor Gerberding. In my view, liberals in the local anti-Vietnam and anti-draft movements perfectly personify the type of liberals "who, despite their adherence to democratic norms, are the most susceptible to sentimentality and confusion about such phenomena as the New Left and black racists."

JACK D. CROUT
Dallas, Texas

To the Editor: Professor Gerberding has said some things that should have been said long ago. I find myself in almost total agreement with his observations.

MORRIS K. UDALL
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: As one who by virtue of his position is frequently exposed to the arrogance and intolerance of the radical Left and the common cause which some so-called "liberals" seem prepared to make with the illiberality of these extremists, I find Professor Gerberding's article refreshing and timely.

FRANKLIN D. MURPHY, Chancellor
University of California
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Mr. Gerberding's remarks need an even wider audience. They are timely, pertinent, and lucid.

VERNON I. CHEADLE, Chancellor
University of California
Santa Barbara

To the Editor: Thanks for "Liberals and Radicals." It is a manifesto long overdue. It says well so many things I have felt in my marrow and had tried to marshal and articulate in several abortive letters to editors of the local press.

Professor Gerberding's strictures may carry more weight (if he isn't read out of the faculty club) because he believes our armed intervention was a strategic mistake. I found it difficult to pen my letters and avoid seeming to give aid and comfort to the Radical Right, for the reason that I cannot see how we could escape armed commitment—unless we are resigned to scurrying out of every country where we have an aid program whenever local and/or outside Communists try to take over.

I view the Vietnam action as preventive, hopefully; but prevention is much harder to get people aroused for than is retaliatory action. It is also a course for which it is harder to summon the same degree of high dudgeon and self-righteousness that an anti-war stance can. It is a solemn, trying course of calculated risk. Peace at any price is risky too, but its partisans do not seem to have calculated its costs.

F. S. RANDALL
Carbondale, Illinois

THE GREEN BERETS' MANY HATS

To the Editor: I find it strange that in his otherwise excellent article "The Advisers' Role in South Vietnam" (*The Reporter*, February 8) Peter A. A. Berle neglected to mention the advisory role played by the U.S. Army Special Forces. The inflated tales that are told about this dedicated group of soldiers also tend to overlook their primary mission in Vietnam: organizing, advising, and fighting with what often amounts to civilian militia. In addition to the problems of isolation, language, and communication noted by Mr. Berle, Special Forces advisers often have to train raw recruits and form an effective fighting force—all without being able to command the Vietnamese with whom they work.

A. C. WEED, II
New Haven, Connecticut

HIGHWAYS AND CITIES

To the Editor: With reference to Priscilla Dunhill's "Reconciling the Conflict of Highways and Cities" (*The Reporter*, February 8): After the peak-hour commuter traffic is subtracted from the total transportation demand, do many cities have an acute circulation problem? Miss Dunhill's very useful probings into the possible future of urban transportation do not distinguish sufficiently between the different kinds of transportation demands. While perhaps only a score of large cities are on the threshold of conventional urban mass transportation—steel wheels on steel rails—another few hundred are within range of other forms of mass transportation that are being unfolded by new technologies. So we must try to solve the commuter problem by some form of transportation more efficient than the private car.

Still, in the brightening transportation picture, we must face the problem Miss Dunhill is the first to examine closely: how to build into future transportation decisions those factors of urban amenity, environmental health, design and appearance, social values, and the rest that have been largely excluded from past highway planning. The demand for these ought to be resolved at the political rather than the economic level. Transportation finds here its greatest chance to contribute to the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

building of competent, livable, attractive cities.

Now that the Department of Transportation is taking over the urban transportation job previously lodged in the Department of Housing and Urban Development, city and state transportation agencies ought to assume responsibility for the whole problem of urban movement and for all parts of the problem, including parking. The present fragmentation of responsibility between the two Federal departments cannot be overcome at the local level. It is a job for Washington—perhaps the most important one that affects the future of cities.

FREDERICK GUTHEIM
Washington, D.C.

MOTION SECONDED

To the Editor: Congressman Charles Mathias' article "When in Doubt, Form a Committee" (*The Reporter*, February 8) is excellent. My able colleague has long been concerned with this most complex of governmental problems, and he again demonstrates his ability to view it with perspective, humor, and a realistic appraisal of what must be done.

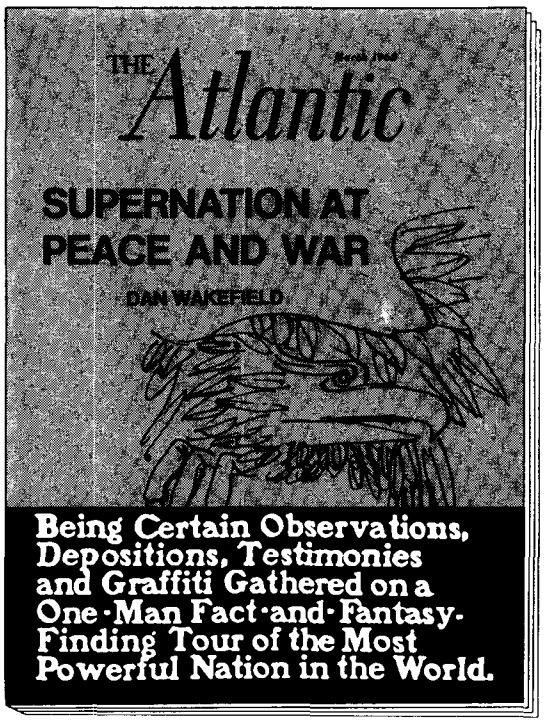
OGDEN R. REID
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

THE DEATH OF DEATH

To the Editor: Indeed "we live in Comte's world" ("Some Reflections on the Council," by Jacques Maritain, *The Reporter*, February 8) where everything has become relative in the eyes of the prominent beholders except the authority of science. Since *it* has not been able to demostrate God—the Father of Christians with His absolute demands —a new kind of geocentricism has taken hold of man's mind-mending establishment. The thought of death has been rejected as a morbid exercise in self-pity rather than the inevitable gate to universal reality through which all must pass regardless of their cosmic equality or inclination.

The neo-modernists all act as if we were immortal in a physiological sense and deny the soul (a vital concept for Christians) its needs for preparation to endure eternity. They sink into matter and are preoccupied with sociological causes, thus intoxicating themselves with the here and now. Their eyes are weakened by the dim lights of this world endangering their capacity ever to absorb the eschatological beatific vision—the absolute goal of Christians. Heaven has faded into an improbable myth for fools not worth discrediting, now that the world is guided by post-spiritual reason and computerized precision. May one ask what are the chances of our children's souls for sanctity in this climate? Some fools must be taken seriously.

LASZLO T. KISS
Fordham University
New York City


THE Atlantic
SUPERNATION AT PEACE AND WAR
DAN WAKEFIELD
Being Certain Observations, Depositions, Testimonies and Graffiti Gathered on a One-Man Fact-and-Fantasy-Finding Tour of the Most Powerful Nation in the World.

At your newsstand NOW

A superb reporter's magazine length profile of the United States in a year of turbulence and decision.

Want to get the feel of Europe?

Take the wheel of a Citroën.

Order your Citroen now for delivery upon arrival. Place your order through Citroen Cars Corporation or through your nearest Citroen Dealer. Either way your car is delivered to you directly from the Factory. It's your assurance of getting the most reliable European Delivery plan, and the biggest Factory-direct, tax-free savings. For complete information, write for our free European Delivery brochure.

Citroen Cars Corporation Dept. R-3
East: 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
West: 8423 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90211
Please send me free brochures on Factory-direct European Delivery of Citroen cars.
Name
Address
City
State Zip

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leaders are developed, not grown! And our colleges, through quality education, can develop them best.

Today America needs leaders in constantly increasing numbers—educated leaders, able to cope with problems of business, science, world affairs and everyday living.

Tomorrow's leaders will require even better education. Our colleges can give it to them, but only if they have enough professionally competent teachers, adequate classrooms, libraries and laboratories . . . in other words, only if they can provide quality education.

And quality education costs money. Colleges must pay what it takes to maintain a faculty of top grade educators and the facilities they need to do their best work. So for America's sake give to the college of your choice.

KEEP OUR LEADERS COMING!

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Something New in the Senate

Just as Washington has a way of treating dreary and periodically repeated events as news, so it often tends to overlook real news when it does occur—the occasional departure from its well-worn script. We have in mind the ho-hum attitude that prevailed in the capital until quite recently concerning the efforts of a group of U.S. Senators to revive and restore large hunks of the administration's 1966 civil-rights bill and to see the legislation through the Senate. At this writing, the final votes have yet to be taken, and the shape of the compromise is not clear. But more than enough has occurred to indicate that there is something new under the sun on Capitol Hill, of all places, where well over a majority of the Senators (including half of the Republicans) have gone on record in favor of cloture to end debate on an open-housing bill.

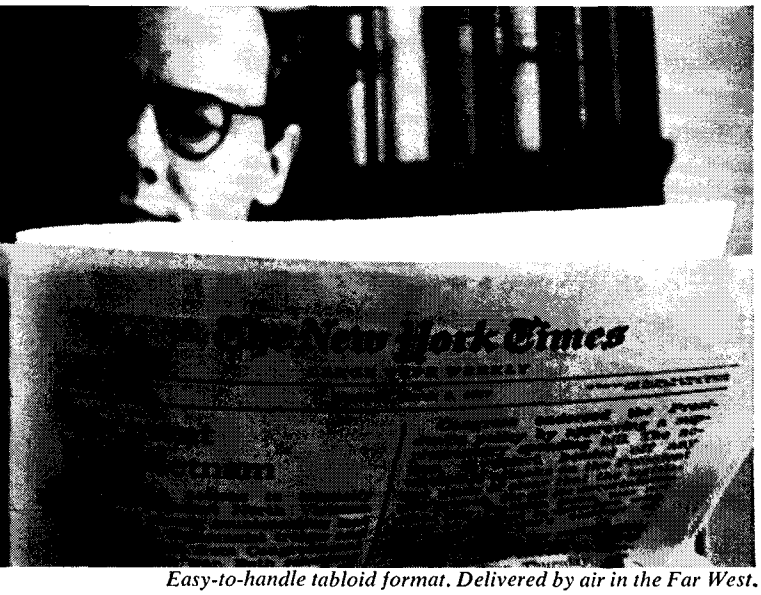
Anyone who has followed the Senate's deliberations on civil-rights bills over the years would have noted a trend on the part of its members in each session to think what was considered quite unthinkable only the year before. For instance, it now seems light-years—though it was only 1960—since Lyndon Johnson was obliged to get a civil-rights bill onto the floor by appending it to a minor measure affecting a grade school in Stella, Missouri, while the Southerners' sentinel drowsed. And so rapidly has change come in these matters, that by 1965 the drama of the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964—with its huge collective lobbying effort and the last-minute doubts as to whether or not Minority Leader Dirksen could deliver the votes for cloture—seemed almost quaint for the agitation it produced: the 1965 Voting Rights Act went through the Senate without much fuss at all.

What makes the current situation different is that this trend was universally supposed to have petered out a couple of years ago. True, the number of Southerners with seniority had diminished and their stranglehold on the committees had been loosened, but by 1966 and through 1967, civil-rights legislation was thought to have become a thing of the past owing to the disaffection of liberal and moderate Northerners, who had never been enthusiastic about open-housing statutes and whose constituents were in any event more than a little anxious about the peregrinations of Stokely Carmichael and the razing of large parts of their cities every summer. Moreover, in the minds of the most belligerent Negro leaders, civil-rights legislation had become déclassé. The disaffection of the Senate was borne out by its refusal to consider the open-housing measure (and with it the rest of the rights bill) in 1966. The coalition of labor spokesmen, church groups, and others that helped propel this year's bill along primarily enjoyed the support of such organizations as the NAACP whose representatives were in the thick of the fight long before 1964.

THAT COALITION began to meet with interested Senators who took on the leadership of the effort at the first of the year: Senators Philip A. Hart (D., Michigan), Jacob K. Javits (R., New York), Walter F. Mondale (D., Minnesota), and Edward W. Brooke (R., Massachusetts). They had been able to get the measure to protect civil-rights workers (Title V of the original bill) out of Chairman James O. Eastland's Judiciary Committee, since Eastland and his like-minded colleagues have long since lost control of the committee. Open housing, which was something else again, had gone to Banking and Currency, but had not been reported out. It was introduced on the floor as an amendment to the worker-protection bill by Mondale. In the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A thoughtful gift for someone you love whose eyes tire easily



Easy-to-handle tabloid format. Delivered by air in the Far West.

The New York Times Large Type Weekly—a new weekly newspaper with words nearly a quarter-inch high. Only $7.25 to start a subscription.

Millions of people with the greatest curiosity about the world have difficulty reading the small print of their regular newspapers. So they just skim the headlines. Or they give up reading the news altogether.

Perhaps there is someone like this in your family or among your friends. Someone who misses the chance to absorb the news in depth. If so, think of the joy a gift subscription to the Large Type Weekly would bring. It is the only current news material available in large print.

Covers a wide range of interests. There are hours of reading pleasure in every 32-page issue: • A review of the week's major news events from the Sunday Times. • Analyses by respected New York Times columnists like Pulitzer Prize-winner James Reston. • Reports on business and finance. • News and reviews of the arts and entertainment. • Sports coverage, including tables showing team standings. • New York Times editorials. • Features of special interest to women on food and fashions. • There's even a full-page crossword puzzle. • And maps, charts and photographs reproduced in larger than usual size.

A thoughtful gift. When you help someone you love to feel more a part of the world around him, you give something that can't be measured in ordinary terms.

Imagine your own pleasure, for instance, if through poor or failing eyesight, you were shut off from the full rich range of the news and the Large Type Weekly brought it once more within reach!

It costs only $7.25 for the first three months to start a subscription. And we will bill you $7.25 for every three-month period after that to keep the subscription going. To order, fill out and mail the coupon. We'll send an attractive card in your name announcing your gift.

Make this test. See for yourself what a remarkable difference large print makes. Hold this page at full arm's length and read the paragraphs below:

This is regular size print used in most newspapers and magazines. To read it is a strain for people whose eyes tire easily.

This is the size print used in the Large Type Weekly. See how much easier it is to read.

No risk. You may end the subscription at any time.

502

THE NEW YORK TIMES/LARGE TYPE WEEKLY 229 West 43d Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

☐ Enter a subscription to the LARGE TYPE WEEKLY and bill me quarterly for $7.25.
(I understand that full refund will be made promptly on all undelivered issues should I wish to cancel the subscription at any time, for any reason.)

MAIL COPIES TO:

Name (Please print)

Address

City State & Zip

SEND BILL TO: (If other than at left)

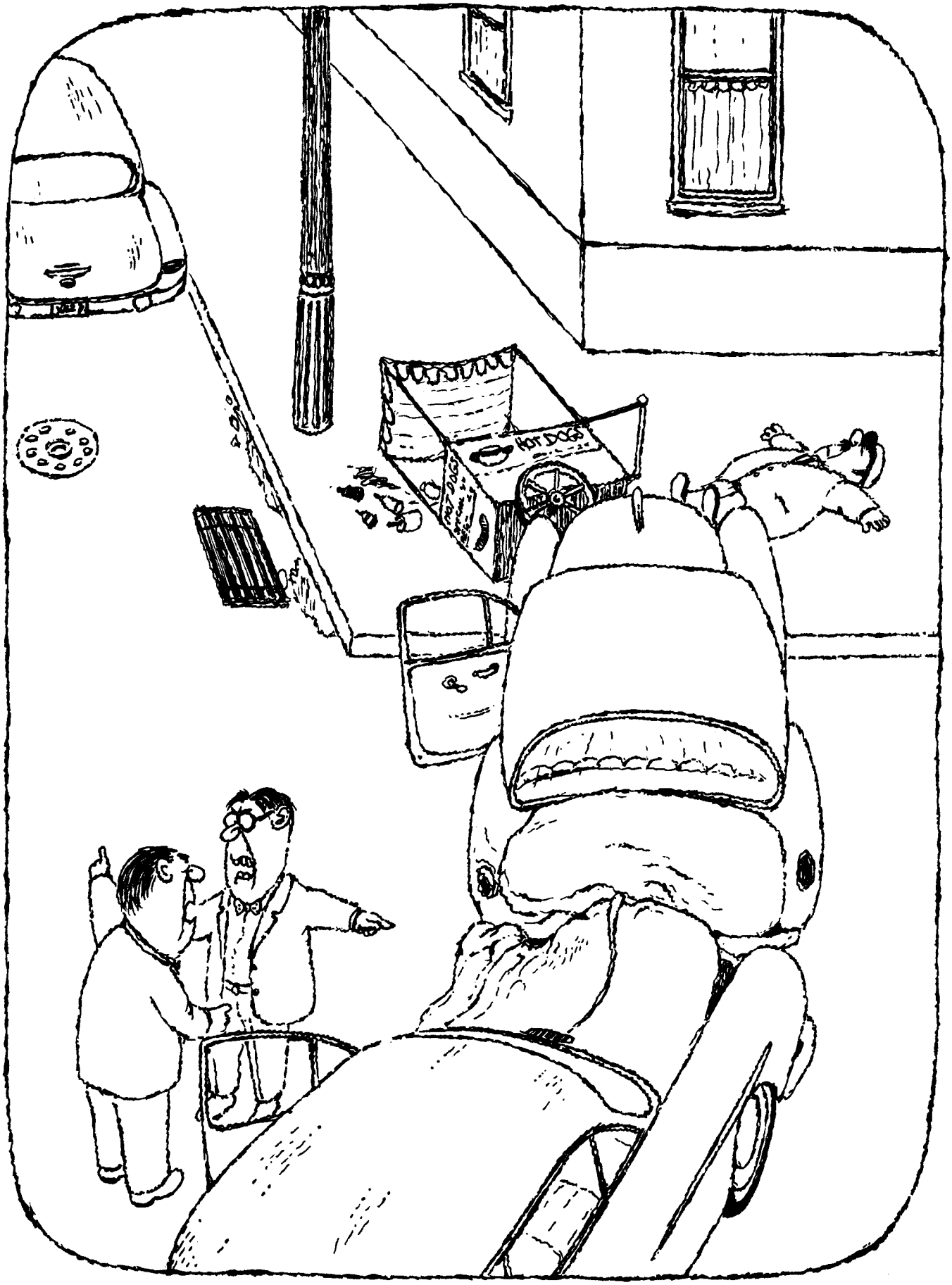
Name (Please print)

Address

City State & Zip

☐ Check here and we'll send an announcement in your name before the first issue arrives.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By Fernando Krahn

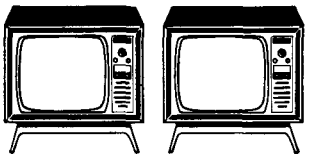
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course of the required maneuvering, the administration and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield were considering a weakened version of Title V as a compromise. This was turned back at the protest of the civil-rights lobby and the caucus of Senators at work on strengthening the bill—a group that by then had grown to around thirty-five in number. Javits and Hart, aware of the dangers and delicacies in an election year that attended putting together a bipartisan senatorial caucus on such a touchy issue, moved with great care and discretion across the aisle so everyone could be assured that there would be no foul play or headline grabbing.

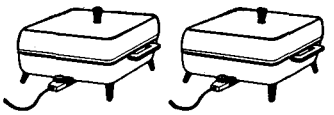
A strong if somewhat belated Presidential statement of support helped. But it was still generally considered that Senators Mondale and Brooke must be delirious to pursue the open-housing amendment. What accounts, then, for the wholly unexpected strength they showed in record votes on the floor? Tact and cleverness, for one thing, and the attrition of Minority Leader Dirksen's influence for another. But beyond that there was the interplay between Washington and the rest of the country that some of the old-timers understood. In the year that has passed since the Senate last looked at open-housing legislation, the number of state and local ordinances has doubled—reaching a total of around one hundred. And the meaning of these events has not escaped attention on Capitol Hill. In 1967, for example, the all-Republican Louisville Board of Aldermen overwhelmingly voted down a proposed open-housing ordinance. A few months later, eleven of the twelve were voted out of office. This year—as distinct from the last time around in the Senate—both of Kentucky's Republican Senators, Thruston B. Morton and John Sherman Cooper, switched and voted with the Mondale-Brooke group.

Whether or not the current effort succeeds in the Senate and no matter what its final disposition in the House may be, the Hart-Javits-Mondale-Brooke performance is heartening indeed. What is new and news in the Senate is that its liberals under sensible leadership have shown that they can (1) unite, (2)

Which should you buy?

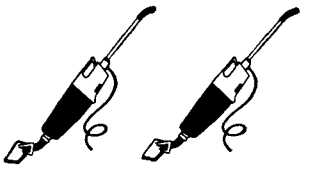


A large screen color TV set priced at $579.95 **OR** another unit priced at $649.95?



An electric fry pan priced at $22.75 **OR** another model priced at $29.95?

A low-cost still camera priced at $9.45 **OR** another model priced at $17.25?



A lightweight vacuum cleaner priced at $29.95 **OR** another model priced at $49.95?

The answers below have been revealed in CONSUMER REPORTS

The answers to the questions above show how easily you and your family can lose money each year. The fact is that you, like so many others, may be buying "blindfolded."

For Example:
On the basis of impartial laboratory tests, the color TV set priced at $579.95 was rated higher in overall quality than the set priced at $649.95. **(Possible Saving: Up To $70.00)**

The electric fry pan priced at $22.75 was judged better in overall performance than the model priced at $29.95. **(Possible Saving: Up To $7.20)**

The low cost still camera priced at $9.45 was about equal in quality to the model priced at $17.25. **(Possible Saving: Up To $7.80)**

The lightweight vacuum cleaner priced at $29.95 was preferred to the model priced at $49.95. **(Possible Saving: Up To $20.00)**

These "hidden" values and savings were revealed in recent issues of *Consumer Reports*. Hundreds of products like these are rated in the latest 448-page issue of the famous *Consumer Reports Buying Guide*. A copy is yours as a gift with a one-year subscription to *Consumer Reports*

HOW THESE IMPARTIAL TESTS ARE MADE

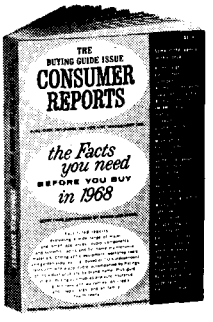
Consumer Reports is published monthly by Consumers Union, a nonprofit, public service organization. It accepts no advertising, no "gifts" or "loans" of products for testing, no contributions from *any* commercial interest. Its sole income is from the sale of publications to more than 1,000,000 subscribers and newsstand buyers.

Consumers Union's own shoppers buy, at ordinary retail stores, random samples of products to be tested. Each regular monthly issue of *Consumer Reports* brings you the latest findings, with ratings by brand name and model number as "Best Buy," "Acceptable" or "Not Acceptable."

SAVE $3.40 IMMEDIATELY

Subscribe now, and your first issue will be the brand new 1968 *Consumer Reports Buying Guide Issue* with ratings of over 2,000 products. Your subscription will *also* include the 1969 *Buying Guide Issue* when published. Future issues will report on washing machines, radios, automobile polishes, dehumidifiers, cameras, mattresses, TV sets, compact phono systems, indoor-outdoor carpets, refrigerators, dehumidifiers, baby strollers, floor polishers, soft side luggage, movie projectors and many other products. The annual Christmas Buying Issue has the famous Consumers Union "Best Buy" gift selection.

Use the coupon below to subscribe, and you begin with an immediate saving of $3.40 from the newsstand price. Moreover, what you save through a single issue of *Consumer Reports* might easily exceed the entire cost of your subscription itself.



GIVEN TO YOU FREE with your subscription to CONSUMER REPORTS— this 448-page CONSUMER REPORTS BUYING GUIDE ISSUE

Partial listing of contents. Many products are rated comparatively. General buying guidance is given for all these products and many more.

- Adding machines
- Adhesives
- Automobiles
- Automobile battery chargers
- Baby pants
- Cameras
- Can openers, electric
- Clothes dryers
- Compasses, marine
- Detergents, dishwasher household
- Floor coverings
- Fly fishing reels
- Food mixers, electric
- Furniture polishes
- Gloves, waterproof, household
- Hair dryers
- Irons, steam/spray
- Knives, electric
- Lawn sprinklers
- Microscopes
- Orange juice
- Paints
- Paint roller covers
- Paper towels
- Phonographic components
- Radios
- Ranges, self-cleaning
- Room air conditioners
- Saber saws
- Shavers, men's electric
- Sheets and pillow cases
- Soldering tools, electric
- Stereo phonographs, portable
- Sun tan preparations
- Tape recorders
- TV sets
- Vacuum cleaners
- Wall coverings
- Wall shelf supports
- Washing Machines

This coupon saves you $3.40 immediately from the newsstand price

HERE'S HOW:

YOU GET the next 12 issues of *Consumer Reports* including the *Buying Guide Issue* for 1969 when published—newsstand price $7.45
YOU GET the 448-page *Buying Guide Issue* for 1968 — newsstand price 1.95
TOTAL $9.40
YOU PAY ONLY 6.00
YOU SAVE IMMEDIATELY $3.40

Consumers Union, Dept. R-4 Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription to *Consumer Reports* for a full year (12 issues) at just $6.00 and send me the current 448-page *Consumer Reports Buying Guide Issue* at no extra cost.

☐ **Payment enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip code _____

If you wish, you may benefit from the reduced rate for two or three years. Simply check the period you prefer.

☐ **2 years—$10.00** ☐ **3 years—14.00**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persist, and (3) persist in their unity even though they have to take a lot of guff from former friends and allies and people who have succumbed to voguish counsels of despair.

Check in Four Moves

One of Washington's annual budget games has begun. The players are in the Executive branch, on Capitol Hill, and in the press corps. Unlike in most games, all the participants usually win and only the spectators remain baffled.

One of the most intricate matches took place during the past two months. One side was captained by the Inspector General of Foreign Assistance, a $28,750-a-year paper tiger named J. K. Mansfield. From a wood-paneled executive office within the Department of State, Mansfield runs a forty-man operation charged with snooping for misdeeds in the U.S. foreign-assistance operations. Though a creature of Congress, Mansfield's group operates in a middle world, kept at arm's length by the State Department, embraced only on occasion by Congress. In fact, without some occasional publicity the Inspector General would be forgotten.

The recent match began when the President's budget went up to Congress. Foreign aid was cut down in all categories. Inspector General Mansfield's $900,000 yearly expenses are gathered from assessments on various foreign-aid programs—the Peace Corps contributes $25,000, military assistance gives $175,000, and the Agency for International Development $700,000. Each of those entities is being squeezed financially, and they may have had an eye on their contribution to Mansfield's office as a likely spot for economy. But Mansfield made the first move.

The Inspector General's office asked the staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to ask the Secretary of State for a report on what the Inspector General's office had done recently. The requested letter, signed by Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright, went through channels and arrived back at Mansfield's office.

Move 2: The Inspector General's staff set to work and compiled descriptions of cases it had cracked. These accounts spanned the globe and most had one thing in common—triviality.

Move 3: A single report was written, with each item put in its most attention-getting form. The aim was to make it appealing, not to the players on Capitol Hill who (in theory) had asked for it, but to another group of players—the representatives of the press.

Move 4: The letter went to the Hill, was released by the committee with a covering statement by Chairman Fulbright ("most depressing and shocking"), and was picked up and played heavily by the press. The New York *Times* put it on page 1. The news wires quoted the report copiously in long dispatches printed around the country.

Now the match is over. Inspector General Mansfield has won recognition—and protected his budget. Senator Fulbright has been widely quoted as being opposed to waste. The press has written about another scandal. And the *Times,* in an editorial, has taken both Fulbright and the Inspector General to task for "a blunderbuss attack," conveniently forgetting its own role in the game.

Not by Ham Alone

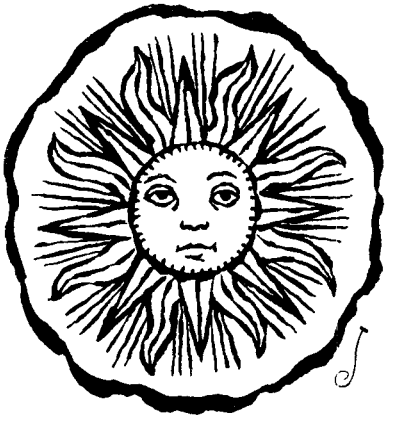
The late Joyce Cary was mildly obsessed with the idea of finding untellably valuable old manuscripts in unlikely places. What started Cary ticking was the stunning discovery of the Boswell papers in a Scottish castle after the First World War. We think the recent turning up and turning over in a highly unlikely place of a much older manuscript deserves more than the scant mention it received in the American press. The following is a translation from an article in the Warsaw newspaper *Zycie Warszawy* of January 29.

"Not long ago, an anonymous person in the United States came to an antique dealer with a proposition to sell a manuscript considered one of the oldest documents in the Western Hemisphere. The firm 'Atalanta,' which imports Polish hams into the United States, became interested in buying.

"Professor Dennis of Harvard University has confirmed the authenticity of the manuscript. At the request of the seller, who has remained anonymous, the transaction was completed in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

"A valise containing $25,000 in $20 bills changed hands and Atalanta had possession of the Codex of Suprasla, an eleventh-century manuscript whose value American experts have estimated at $350,000. Atalanta has turned the manuscript over to Poland through Ambassador Michalowski in Washington."

The manuscript, the Codex Suprasliensis, which contains the lives of twenty-four saints and a number of sermons, is a Polish national heirloom. It is one of the oldest and most comprehensive documentary relics of the Old Church Slavic language. Stolen from its repository during the Nazi German occupation of Poland, it was sold or restolen during the American occupation of Germany. This is why a legitimate American buyer could not be found. The Atalanta Products Corp. is not infrequently picketed by Polish Americans carrying signs exhorting the public *not* to buy hams from Atalanta. What with this boycott and the excruciating scarcity of hard currency in Poland, $25,000 paid out just like that must have made for a painful transaction. Unquestionably the Polish government would have preferred to make payment in hams. But $25,000 worth of ham—even at New York prices—is an awful lot of ham, a bulk that would have been totally unsuited to both the venue and the nature of the transaction.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High Stakes Southeast of Suez

NOEL MOSTERT

THE SCHEDULED British withdrawal East of Suez by 1971 raises questions of the utmost relevance for the West along a wider range of fronts than was immediately apparent. While the main impact of this military economy will fall on Southeast Asia, the Arabian Sea, and the Persian Gulf, the consequences south of Suez are already considerable and will probably get worse. It could well be that Africa will ultimately be the area most affected.

The prospect of an unprecedented power vacuum in the Indian Ocean alone is a matter of the first order; more to the point is the influence it will have upon the delicate balance of political order in Eastern and Central Africa. Then there is the question of South Africa. The East of Suez economies and the soul-searching they induced have practically swept away Britain's traditional calculation of strategic dependence on that nation, always a major factor in Whitehall's defense calculations.

The removal of this bond has profound implications. It represents in a very real sense the removal of one of the subtlest and strongest western psychological underpinnings of the South African status quo. Britain's dependence was what has made the South Africans feel wanted, even when they least were. The knowledge that this dependence would go indubitably influenced the British government's decision in December, a month before the Suez announcement, to retain its embargo on arms sales to South Africa. As the London *Observer* remarked at the time of the arms debate: "The abandonment of Britain's present East of Suez role would destroy one of the main arguments which have influenced the Government in its attitude towards South Africa: the fact that we need South African help to supply our bases in the Far East. The attempt to maintain a strategic presence East of Suez forces us into dependence on South Africa. Scrap the East of Suez policy, and there would no longer be any strategic reason for seeking to maintain South Africa's good will."

Sudden Departure

This, however, had introduced an entirely new element: the emergence of a formidable French role in South African affairs. France became the immediate beneficiary of British political morality, and is now the main supplier of arms to South Africa. But dangerous as this association might prove to be, what happens in the Indian Ocean will ultimately be the key to everything, including the status quo in South Africa.

It seemed ironic that the withdrawal East of Suez should finally come virtually because of Suez itself. The closing of the canal is costing Britain an estimated £240 million a year (Prime Minister Wilson's own estimate to Parliament). Coupled with a crippling dock strike that left exports lying uselessly upon the London and Liverpool wharves, its impact upon the balance of payments helped undermine confidence in sterling and bring on the run on the pound. Devaluation followed, and the decision to be out from East of Suez by 1971 was part of *that* package.

Despite the steady decline of British power in recent years and the series of defense cuts instituted by the Labour Party since it came to power, the retirement from the Indian Ocean, especially from the Persian Gulf, was a surprise. It was expected eventually but not so soon, nor with such disregard of the niceties of disengagement. Only weeks ago, British envoys were around the Gulf states telling the feudalistic, and fabulously rich oil sheiks there that they should not be alarmed at the withdrawal from Aden—Britain would be in the Gulf for a long time yet.

There was no reason for them to doubt Britain's word, since it looked very much as though there was no alternative. The Labour cabinet it-

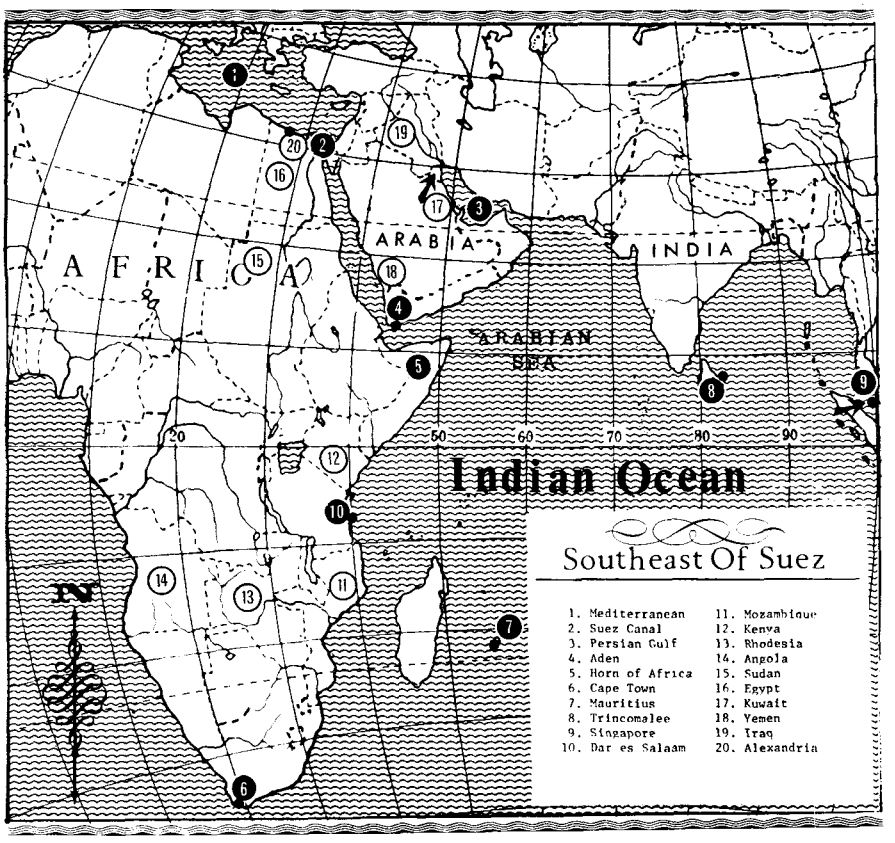
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self has recognized that trouble in the Gulf could cause millions of unemployed in Britain. The Gulf supplies something close to eighty per cent of Western Europe's oil needs, and forty-five per cent of this production is controlled by British or British-Dutch companies and earns the British treasury £150 million a year. But most important is the fact that the oil sheiks invest their revenues in London. Kuwait is the largest single overseas holder of sterling, having recently passed Australia. The £15 million a year that the military presence in the Gulf costs Britain seemed cheap insurance. The government reasoning, however, apparently was to the effect that if major users such as Germany and Japan can buy oil from the Gulf without a military establishment there, why shouldn't Britain? There was also great fear of another Aden.

The Gulf nonetheless does represent the last British standing military and naval presence on the vast and vital Indian Ocean—qualities obvious to those who scanned their atlases to find Mauritius when that island sprang into the headlines in January and British troops and naval forces from the Gulf and Singapore were called in to quell local political troubles. This action itself served to underscore the absence that is to be.

The Royal Navy's heavy guns and senior admirals took over when you got to the Deccan Peninsula and to Singapore, where the sophisticated problems of Asian politics began, but the junior commanders on the Indian Ocean guaranteed the indispensable shipping routes that brought the trade west. The Indian passage was so much the private preserve of the Royal Navy that its peace and serenity have become taken for granted, with the ocean's real value neatly excised from the general public awareness.

The Mauritius operation was a typical Indian Ocean watchkeeping duty of the sort that has kept the balance of power there. The same sort of forces went into action a few years ago when the Kenyan and Tanzanian governments asked for British help to subdue army mutinies. To whom would any such request be addressed in the future?



A traditional presence leaves an implicit residue of power and respect, however minimal it becomes. In Britain's case, this has been of tremendous effect. Its actual forces on the Indian Ocean were meager but they could be reduced or expanded as required. It is this accepted presence more than power that is being lost.

Raised Expectations

The importance of this loss is best judged if you consider that the Indian Ocean really starts at the Horn of Africa, washing all down the east coast of the continent to the Cape of Good Hope, which was a main base along with Aden and Trincomalee in Ceylon. During the four years between now and the British departure date these waters will be up for strategic auction, as it were. The Soviet Union almost certainly will move in to complement the position it has consolidated in the eastern Mediterranean. This is assumed by several of Britain's leading naval thinkers. Moreover, they believe, as they conveyed to me during recent interviews in London, that the Soviets will make a bid for as many of the former British bases as possible, probably starting with Aden itself.

Such an advance into the Indian Ocean has long been included in Soviet calculations, their diplomatic probes having been heavily concentrated along the Horn of Africa and immediately south from there, but it has not until now been wholly within their expectations. The June war brought them a position whose advantages and implications may not be properly assessed for years; but from what one can see so far, it gives them exactly what the British sought when they originally secured the Mediterranean and the Middle East in order to hold their prime positions in Africa and Asia. The Middle East, after all, is where Europe, Africa, and Asia meet.

The Soviets now have a naval force of about fifty vessels in the Mediterranean and access to bases that give them a vital command of the North African coast. Egypt, of course, is the keystone, and the pretext for the Soviet presence there is the reconstruction of the Egyptian forces to meet any Israeli threat. But the mere fact that Russia's place in the Mediterranean is now generally accepted as permanent means

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that this immediate local purpose has been served. The longer-range purpose lies beyond the Suez Canal, and the pressure to serve *that* is clearly going to accumulate, especially since the Soviet Air Force already has refueling and repair facilities at Hodeida and Sana in Yemen. A large number of the estimated six thousand Soviet military advisers in the Mediterranean and the Middle East are in Yemen, Iraq, the Sudan, and Egypt. As if to link all this together with the ultimate point of penetration desired, Russia's Aeroflot is scheduled shortly to open service between Moscow, Cairo, Hodeida, and Dar es Salaam.

A functioning Suez Canal is a necessary complement. The Russians very much want it open. Reports that the United States finds the closing of the canal convenient are logical. Most Russian seaborne aid for North Vietnam must travel the long route around the Cape. Between sixty and seventy Soviet ships used to pass through the canal each month. A navigable canal also means that those fifty warships in the Mediterranean or their companion squadrons could operate out of Alexandria or Suez into the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean—at first as flag-showing sorties and eventually as task forces from fully operational bases.

EVEN had the British decided to stay in the Indian Ocean, their policy had become vulnerable because of the decision to phase out aircraft carriers, upon which all strategic planning had centered in the past twelve years, and replace them with an "island-hopping" plan dependent upon the American F-111 strike aircraft with its transoceanic radius. This plan was to have come into effect in 1970 and entailed the use of various Indian Ocean islands to reach Asia.

The F-111 (the order for which was canceled) was, in effect, a substitute for sea power. Since Middle Eastern overflight could not be completely guaranteed, then the only sure alternative was down the South Atlantic via Ascension Island and South Africa.

This situation, together with last June's diversion of world shipping via the Cape, brought the South Africans to the dangerous presumption that they could wield a strategic leverage over the West—and over Britain and the United States in particular. This, they have felt, might give them backstage power in future dealings with critics of their domestic policies. It has intensified their self-righteousness at home, and doubtless their attitudes on matters such as Rhodesia and South-West Africa too. That it will leave them intractable on any suggestion of fundamental domestic change in the near future is evident. "World opinion is moving steadily in South Africa's favor," Prime Minister B. J. Vorster said in the New Year.

Poor, but Not That Poor

The proper occasion for acting on this presumption seemed to have arrived when last December South Africa presented Britain with a "shopping list" of armaments. Britain needed cash, and also the Cape route for its shipping and planes.

The list was a whopper, with an estimated value of £200 million (the biggest foreign order ever offered the British arms industry). It included sixteen Buccaneer strike aircraft, four missile frigates, eight jet patrol aircraft, and British Sea Dart missiles.

Back in mid-1964, however, Britain had accepted the United Nations resolution calling on all members to stop arms sales to South Africa. It did so (on instructions from the then Conservative government) with the proviso that South Africa had a right to external defense and Britain retained the right to judge whether any arms order fell into this category. The U.N. resolution was not mandatory, but when Labour took office later that year it promptly acted as though it were and banned all arms to South Africa. The South Africans went out and bought French—they have acquired forty-five French Mirage IIIs, with French missiles and a large number of helicopters, and they have three submarines under construction in French yards.

The December arms order would have been a windfall for a British exchequer that sorely needed it. To refuse seemed a form of madness, as the opposition and much of the press said it was. The cabinet itself was divided. But it was rejected, and the South Africans immediately turned again to France. Vorster also announced that his country's agreement with Britain for use of the Simonstown naval base at the Cape would be reviewed—a pointless retaliation since its value depends on the security of the Indian Ocean.

A Friend Indeed

Gold therefore remains the single hold that South Africa retains upon the non-Gaullist West. But it is a powerful one. South Africa produces more than seventy-five per cent of the world's gold. Russia is the only other major producer. Conflicting rumors declare that Soviet gold mining has stopped because of the cost and that Russia has increased production on speculation.

The manipulation of gold is becoming steadily a more dangerous pastime; at this point few could be immune to its consequences. South Africans are shrewd businessmen and economists who understand the ramifications. But where they might hesitate, the French would not. And if France is working for this greater gain rather than mere arms sales (and no one can seriously doubt it), then the circumstances have been propitious. South Africa's dependence upon France can only increase. South Africans would not forget the friends who were supplying their needs, Vorster said in his New Year's message.

France really is the only friend he can have meant. Devaluation and the gold rush re-emphasized the common interest France and South Africa have in seeing a rise in the price of gold. Their collaboration to ensure this could be twofold: reducing the supply of gold in the world market, and selling gold through Paris instead of London.

South Africa's Finance Minister has already warned that on the basis of the present gold price, ". . . South Africa may not be able to make gold available on the same level as in the past." And Harry Oppenheimer, who through his vast interests is spokesman for the industry, has said that mining would have to end if the gold price remains fixed and mining costs go up as they continue to do. The implication of this scarcity of gold

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a persistent limiting of liquidity and its inevitable restraint upon world trade.

London is the traditional world center for gold transactions. South Africa's exports go there and are handled by the Bank of England, acting as agent for the International Gold Pool. There were rumors earlier this year that South Africa had in fact already made a shift from London to Paris; shipments to London had fallen dramatically. But this change was finally attributed to improvement in South Africa's own reserves. The governor of the South African Reserve Bank commented then, "Although South Africa is not bound to sell in London, she will continue to do so since it suits us."

In January, 1967, France allowed free trade in gold, including imports and exports. This action was generally regarded in South Africa as the first big step in attracting the world's gold market to Paris. The danger was emphasized last year when it became apparent that in 1966 the International Gold Pool had a net loss of gold for the first time in its history. This meant that the central-bank reserves could not increase because of the rate of private buying and speculation in gold. Figures for 1967, although incomplete, indicate that the demand for private uses and holdings is absorbing not only the entire new gold output but also very substantial amounts out of monetary gold stocks of governments and central banks.

Marketing gold through Paris would vastly aggravate this shortage (and hence the pressures for an increase in price) because, unlike in London, anyone can buy gold freely there. A combination of these selling procedures and a deliberate withholding of gold would force a crisis that might give France and South Africa what they want or backfire and force the demonetization of gold.

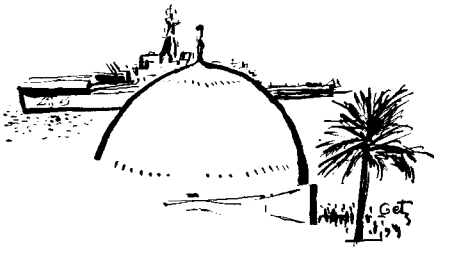
Any such connivance between South Africa and France on gold, with its repercussions on shaky economies, would be greeted with particular outrage by the nations of Black Africa, most of which, with the exception of France's tame African franc bloc, are tied to the sterling area. Their development future is more uncertain than ever anyway, British aid having become static and American more selective; and they are likely to be the main sufferers from trade restrictions applied by the developed industrial nations because of the balance-of-payments problem. Nothing affecting South Africa leaves them indifferent, but the devil's hand upon their currencies and economic survival would loose a terrible storm.

Left free of outside interference, South Africa could easily dominate the continent south of the Sahara. It has the riches and the expertise, and the narrow Calvinism that has directed apartheid could easily transfer at least some of its zeal to a sense of outward mission, which it has shown signs of doing. Other black nations would have followed Malawi in diplomatic contact and trade. One compromise would have led to another and apartheid itself would have rattled loose. At least all this seemed a possibility a year ago.

Help Wanted

But a renewed air of uncertainty hovers over Africa. Rhodesia has exacerbated feelings and brought signs of a new militant unity in East and Central Africa. The occupation of extensive areas of Rhodesia by "freedom fighters" last year and the need of the Rhodesians to call in South African "police" aid was something quite new: it was the first time since the great tribal-settler wars of the nineteenth century that white men had died in defense of Southern African territory.

This and its new sense of power have settled South Africa deeper into its convictions and provoked it into



a new concentration on external defense, thus reinforcing its isolation. Instead of fading, the lines seem more clearly drawn than ever. There is apprehension: it is significant that both Rhodesia and South Africa have become increasingly wary about applying the death penalty in trials of political terrorists.

But the steady accumulation of South Africa's military and economic power on a continent more sensitive than ever to its collective and individual weaknesses and its general have-not status is producing its own traumas. The African states are stung by the fact that the white citadels of the south now appear inviolable—except through outside assistance.

It is here that the U.S.S.R.'s penetration of the Indian Ocean re-enters the picture. Why shouldn't it do in East Africa what it has done in Egypt? Tanzania, which has become the main guerrilla training ground and revolutionary center of Africa, would seem the likeliest candidate for Russian "advice." And Russian thinking might well be that if *they* don't offer it, the Chinese will. The Chinese already sit in strength in Dar es Salaam. Their railway-building projects to Zambia are carrying them into ever deeper and closer contact with the African interior. The Russians, who have learned a lot from their previous and somewhat crude experiments in aid, have cultivated a new style—gestures of disinterest, smiles, a bit of culture, even teaching English and French. They behave like men who intend to make their mark this time.

Africa is not ready for or even willing to wage a holy war against the south. But it would certainly sanction sophisticated assistance in mounting a new scale of guerrilla offenses against Angola, Mozambique, Rhodesia, South-West, and, ultimately, South Africa itself. As the prompt South African support to the Rhodesians showed, this whole issue is of such paramount importance to everyone involved that escalation is automatic. The facilities that the "advisers" for such a project would need have their own ramifications. The moderately stable and fundamentally western-oriented states such as Kenya, Uganda, Malawi, and Zambia would probably discover that advice penetrating segments of their own political life. "The coming year might prove to be a turning point in the country's history," Vorster said optimistically in his New Year message. So it might; but in a different sense. And for Africa as a whole.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gains and Losses in Saigon

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THE DAY BEFORE the Vietcong launched their first rocket attack on Tan Son Nhut airport, destroying in the process the euphoria that once again had begun to envelop this city, I went with two companions to Cholon in search of news of an industrialist friend missing since the Tet fighting. Our friend's factory was close to a canal on the edge of the city, a mile or so beyond the bustling Chinese places of commerce. It stood directly in the Vietcong's invasion path and had been badly damaged during the fighting. Behind it, acres of the city were in blackened ruin. For three foreigners to wander about here unarmed was not entirely prudent, though the Vietcong forces had long since fled. Nor was our search rewarded by any especially hopeful news. In another sense, however, it was rewarding, and in a way that our missing friend, with his unbounded confidence in Vietnam, its people, and its future, would have appreciated immensely. Everywhere people were at work among the ashes of their homes. The corrugated iron had been sorted out for salvage. The corner posts and crosspieces were going up—and on many burnt-out blocks the barred yellow flag of the Republic of Vietnam was flying.

Cynically, one might have thought that this was a form of insurance against interference by the government forces that had taken over from the Vietcong. This was not at all the impact, however. "You know," said one of my companions as we drove back to Saigon, "for the first time ever, I sense that these people are beginning to have an understanding of nationhood."

The Need for Unity

The next day, when the representatives of political groups which had been at each other's throats for years sat down together to discuss ways and means of uniting to help, and to be helped by, a government that collectively and individually they had warred with and denigrated since the elections last September, even the most cynical observers of the Saigon political scene were impressed. Among those present was the frail and gray Phan Khac Suu, who ran third in the presidential election and had been named, to his embarrassment, by the National Liberation Front as a potential member of their coalition government. Tran Van Huong, who ran fourth, was there too. So was Ha Thuc Ky, who came in fifth. There were labor leaders, Catholics, Buddhists, representatives of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects, and regionalists from central and southern Vietnam.

"In the recent past we nationalists have quarreled often uselessly and without purpose," said Dr. Nguyen Xuan Oanh, former Harvard lecturer and once briefly Premier. "We have ignored the common enemy. Let bygones be bygones. Only by national unity can we hope to prevent further havoc and the tragic losses of the past weeks."

Not all who were at the conference came willingly. Many had their reservations. But without exception those I spoke to appeared conscious not only of the need now for unity, among themselves and with the government, but even of the value of the presidential election, which so many had criticized so severely. "It has given us at least the semblance of constitutional legality," said one of the defeated presidential candidates. "That is much more important today than it seemed to be five months ago." The administration, too, seemed conscious of the need for popular support. General Tran Van Don in his capacity as senator had seen President Thieu and won his approval in principle of the new alignment. Vice-President Ky was quite openly in support.

Thus, as the Communist general offensive continues, the government may, if it is wise, win the sort of support from the urban elites that seemed beyond reasonable hope or expectation before the Vietcong

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burst into the cities and towns. It will need it.

For the attacks on Saigon and the other cities and towns throughout South Vietnam, heavy though they were and however costly they may have been in human and material resources to the Vietcong, must be regarded as the preliminaries to even heavier action. "Move forward to achieve final victory," was the order of the day to all the National Liberation Front armed forces when the Tet actions began. "This will be the greatest battle ever fought through the history of our country. It will bring forth worldwide change, but it will also require many sacrifices. It will decide the fate and the survival of our fatherland and shake the world and bring most bitter failure to the imperialist ringleaders."

THE INITIAL Saigon action was intentionally dramatic. Shaking the world and encouraging the "progressive elements" in other lands, including the United States, figure largely in all the captured battle orders. What better way than to strike hard and unexpectedly against the seat of government and the center of American power in Vietnam?

Despite early reports to the contrary, however, there is little evidence to suggest that the Saigon attacks, essentially of a commando type, were not primarily exploratory. Large main-force units were deployed outside the city. Three divisions, the Fifth, the Seventh, and the Ninth, were close enough to have exploited any favorable development, but it was too much even for the perhaps overconfident National Liberation Front to have expected that the force of fewer than three battalions which it sent into the city would have had the capacity to establish a real beachhead, or to organize mass "spontaneous" demonstrations in favor of the NLF. No serious attempt was made at this time to knock out Tan Son Nhut airport, which is, after all, the real key to the defense of the city. As for "spontaneous" mass demonstrations, they can be organized easily enough, but only, as Hanoi is well aware, when the circumstances are wholly favorable.

When the Vietminh began to take over Hanoi in October, 1954, for example, the population was afraid and unresponsive, and the people at first watched fearfully from behind closed windows. As the battalions of Vietminh troops marched into the city, however, cadres with bullhorns called the people out. The troops applauded, clapped, and sang. Whether they wanted to or not, the people were cajoled and bullied by the cadres into responding. By six o'clock in the evening when I crossed the Doumer Bridge over the Red River for the last time, the people of Hanoi were in the grip of mass hysteria and the Vietminh.

Some of the Vietcong units in Saigon tried to achieve the same effect, but this time the circumstances were entirely different. The Vietcong had neither the numbers nor the command to succeed. Even the main tasks allotted to the commando groups—the assaults on the U.S. embassy, the Presidential Palace, the radio station, and the Joint General Staff headquarters—were essentially small-scale. The numbers involved were large enough only for brief shock action. Nor were the support forces which came into the city through the racetrack area and Cholon big enough to convey an impression of Vietcong supremacy. The teen-agers and young women dressed in gray who appeared in Cholon to direct the population on February 9 did not hesitate to shoot those who failed to obey their instructions. But neither their brutality nor the People's Court, which was set up at a street intersection, evoked any enthusiastic response from the people. Much as they have criticized the government in the past, they had no wish to see it supplanted by this sort of authority, or to believe in that authority.

The Coalition Dream

In contrast to Saigon, the pre-offensive situation in Hué presented the Vietcong with many more exploitable opportunities. Not without reason, Hué had a sense of grievance against the central government. Proud of its cultural heritage and its own regional characteristics, it had always resented Saigon's control. These feelings were exacerbated when the government suppressed the Buddhist Struggle Movement by force in 1966. To no one's surprise, therefore, some students and faculty members at Hué University and many of Thich Tri Quang's militant Buddhists were ready to lend their support to the Communist invaders. Not so the mass of the population. With their homes ablaze—private Vietnamese reports suggest that eighty-five per cent of the city has been destroyed—and caught in the opposing fire of the two armies, the people were of no mind to welcome the North Vietnamese who came so bloodily into their midst.

Thus, though claiming great victories, both Hanoi and the Front are now reacting cautiously toward the establishment of a "coalition" government, one of the principal stated aims of the general offensive. Speaking at a press conference in Phnom Penh on February 9, Nguyen Van Hieu, the resident representative in Cambodia of the NLF, said simply that the establishment of a coalition government would be decided "through consultations with other revolutionary forces and in the light of development of the future situation." What is lacking, he omitted to say, are non-Communist and representative figures to pad out the Front's new "government."

The establishment of a Hué-Thua Thien People's Revolutionary committee, ostensibly a provisional government for this region, is the most significant step yet taken by the NLF toward the creation of a coalition government. The chairman of the provisional administration is Professor Le Van Hao of Hué University, the best-known figure openly to identify himself with the Front in recent times. Vice-Chairmen of the committee include Madame Nguyen Dinh Chi, formerly principal of the Dong Khanh secondary school in Hué. Unless and until the Vietcong and North Vietnamese forces now struggling to hold a footing in the Citadel in Hué can enlarge their beachhead and regain possession of greater areas of the city, however, the provisional government is likely to exist in name only.

At the same time, the difficulties confronting the U.S. and government forces in Hué, in Thua Thien, and in Quang Tri are formidable. Marine convoys on the twenty-minute drive between Phu Bai and Hué are

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

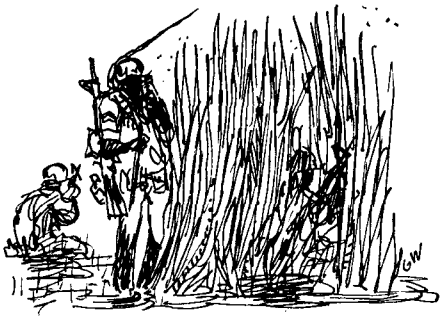
ambushed constantly. The land supply route from Da Nang north is effectively cut and Hanoi's claim to have taken control of the countryside of both northern provinces is not grossly exaggerated.

IT IS CLEAR, then, that the idea of a coalition government for the entire country has neither been abandoned nor even shelved. In fact, an extraordinary meeting of the NLF under the chairmanship of Nguyen Huu Tho, which was held at an undisclosed place on February 11-12, issued a communiqué couched in jubilant terms. "These victories," it concluded, "will lead toward a rapid and important change in the present balance of forces between us and the enemy, will create an extremely favorable new situation, and will provide a very fair basis for our people to move toward winning complete victory." Neither Hanoi nor the Front suggests, however, that the present offensive is expected to move with the rapidity of a coup d'état. August is frequently mentioned as the month when victory will be won. There are references to the use of "very strong military attacks with the uprisings of the local population to take over towns and cities." Troops are ordered to "flood" the lowlands, but only to "move toward" the "liberation" of Saigon.

For this reason it would be highly unwise to regard the Saigon attack as a stroke of lightning. Nor would it be prudent to believe that, even with the element of surprise now removed, the Vietcong may not come again, and more effectively. There have been shocks within shocks.

For many months past, allied intelligence had been writing off the 165A Vietcong Regiment in the province of Gia Dinh, which encircles Saigon. As allied strength increased in the Saigon area, the 165A Regiment appeared to become less and less meaningful. Its regular formations broke up into platoons and squads and then apparently ceased to exist. Nor was there any reason to believe that the F100 assassination battalion, which once displayed its strength with repeated acts of terror in Saigon, or its successor, the C10 sapper battalion, was a serious threat. Yet from these forces came the spearhead, and the main weight of the audacious, thoroughly planned, and highly skilled Saigon attacks.

A WEEK before the attack on the Joint General Staff headquarters at Tan Son Nhut, Ba Phong, the commando leader, along with his deputy, arrived in Saigon. They traveled by bus and stayed for four days to make a reconnaissance on the ground. Two days before Tet, they returned to Saigon with their troops by commercial bus. All carried false identity cards and were in civilian clothes, and none had weapons. From the bus station they made their way in small groups to two houses close to the Joint General Staff headquarters, where their hostess and contact, one Madame Camap, provided them with their guns, grenades, explosives, and ammunition, which had been cached in advance. Throughout the city this pattern was repeated as the commandos, who had begun training for their allotted tasks as early as last October, slipped into Saigon by bus, car, and taxi. The troops who attacked the radio station stayed overnight in a tailor's shop only a hundred yards from their objective. A garage long used by an American official housed the team that attacked the U.S. embassy. The four-



teen-man team that attacked the Presidential Palace even had the benefit of a final briefing over a sand table set up in a nearby house.

While these groups were completing their preparations, bigger forces were converging on the city. Wearing black pajama trousers and dark brown shirts and carrying rations for five days, the 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment left Long An Province for the march on Saigon. Included in its ranks where three boys aged twelve to fourteen whose task was to observe government forces and to report back. No planning detail was overlooked. Two rivers had to be crossed on the march to Saigon. At both rivers, boats were waiting to ferry the troops across. The battalion's task was to capture the jail and free the 1,500 prisoners. Though the attempt failed, a zero-hour revolt by the prisoners again testified to the thoroughness of the planning.

Everything Is at Stake

While it is legitimate to exult in the failure of the local population here and elsewhere to rally to the Vietcong call, and the performance of the government troops in the face of appeals to defect is no less reassuring, the challenges ahead will demand fortitude, here and in the United States. One intelligent and articulate prisoner captured in the Saigon fighting said that even if the first attack failed completely, the Vietcong would continue till the city eventually fell. He regarded the initial failure as a victory and of incalculable propaganda value to the NLF. Saigon, he said, was the most secure of the government areas and was purportedly safe from attack. This myth had been exploded by the Tet offensive and would be exploited by the Front and Hanoi to the fullest extent.

Douglas Pike, a respected American analyst, has estimated that General Vo Nguyen Giap used at least half of his 118,000 main Vietcong striking forces in the initial round of attacks. With losses of substantially more than thirty thousand, how long can he continue on a nationwide front? Unfortunately, what the offensive has revealed in damaging detail is the quality of allied intelligence on the strategic level and its almost total lack of quality tactically. In other words, though a comprehensive and apparently accurate picture of the logistical buildup in Laos, in Cambodia, and in the peripheries of South Vietnam has become available during the past two years, there clearly has been no significant penetration of the Front, or even access to low-level organization and planning. If our intelligence consigned the 165A Regiment, on the very outskirts of Saigon, to the rubbish heap as having ceased to exist, only to have it appear rampant

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and unheralded within the city limits, how many other decimated units have suddenly been reactivated?

It can only be noted that many captured battle orders and other documents call for heavy sacrifice. Giap believes he has the troops to do the job and he is probably under no illusions as to the nature of the task that confronts him. Just as at Dien Bien Phu, he is taking a calculated gamble, though this time the stakes are far higher and the risks much greater.

No doubt when the true figure of losses sustained seeps through to Hanoi or to Giap's headquarters, wherever that may be, he will be confronted with the dilemma that faced him eighteen years ago, when other members of his high command, appalled by the losses they were incurring, questioned whether it was worth the cost to pursue the battle. As Giap himself put it in his own description of the battle: "This does not mean that even when the Dien Bien Phu battle was at its height, negative factors never appeared. To maintain and develop this determination to fight and to win was a whole process of unremitting patient political and ideological education and struggle." Having set the offensive in motion, he would find it extremely difficult to reverse course anyway. Not only Giap's reputation but the whole mystique of the Hanoi régime and of the Front is now at stake.

Ever since early last year, Hanoi and the Front have been working toward this climax. There is no other way but forward. Without reservation or qualification, Hanoi since the battle began has slammed the door to all suggestions of peace. The offensive must run its course.

To anticipate where Giap will strike next, or how, is no easy task. His genius lies in surprise. Still, there are some guidelines. Saigon and Hué have been revealed as priority targets for political reasons, and the multicolored flag of the coalition government has been brought into these two cities by the Vietcong. The proclamation of the coalition government and the overthrow of the existing government must therefore be complementary in the battle plan, and that means continued trouble for this city.

Ultimately, Giap may run out of steam and men and the final thrust here may never come. Nevertheless, with some hundreds of infiltrators now hidden in the city, it is not, at best, going to be the most comfortable of places in the coming weeks and months. Moreover, early hopes that much of the underground organization had shown itself during the Tet offensive have proved illusory. Police operations have brought in many suspects, but the organization is so carefully put together that one broken link does not destroy the chain. It will not be easy for the Vietcong to use the Trojan-horse technique in the future. But thirteen thousand cars a day ply the Bien Hoa highway, and to check them all in the way they need to be checked is clearly an impossible task.

Hué, or what is left of it, is now mostly a symbol, but a symbol that Giap nevertheless seems ready to fight for. Here alone, the Front had some success in establishing its "People's Autonomy Committee Organization," and it went about its bloody business of liquidating government officials and members of the Vietnam Kuomintang Party and the Dai Viet, which had long doggedly opposed the Vietcong. Among those who escaped were Lieutenant Colonel Khoa, the Thua Thien Province chief, who hid for three days in the ceiling of a house occupied by the Vietcong. Among those missing, believed killed, is Judge Quang Thac, the brother of former vice-presidential candidate Dr. Phan Quang Dan.

In and around the Demilitarized Zone and across the border in Laos, covering the interlocking chain of U.S. Marine posts at Gio Linh, Con Thien, Dong Ha, Camp Carroll, the Rockpile, and Khe Sanh, are at least four North Vietnamese divisions, the 324B, the 325C, the 341st, and the 304th. This last won special honors for its valor at Dien Bien Phu but has not yet been committed in the Vietnam war.

The Anniversary Spirit

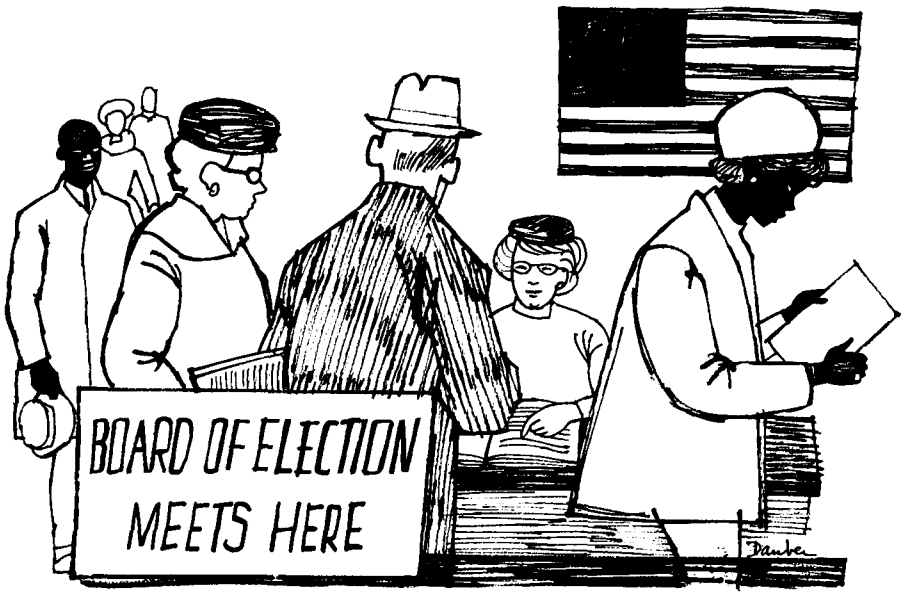
In all, the Communist forces have close to fifty thousand men in this part of the battle zone, and again if Giap is prepared to accept heavy losses—and clearly he is—there will be major actions here. Since March 13 is the anniversary of the battle for Dien Bien Phu and its "spirit" looms so high in Hanoi's indoctrination program, emulation campaigns, and orders of the day, it will not be surprising if the date is chosen for psychological reasons to mark the beginning of a new drive.

So, for the moment, the initiative rests with Giap. Most of the government's general reserve has fallen back, properly enough, into Saigon. Although no clear picture is yet available of what is happening through the countryside, at mid-February about half of the South Vietnamese battalions were back in the cities and towns along with some Revolutionary Development teams. In Long An Province, for example, all the Revolutionary Development teams had been redeployed in defense of Tan An, the provincial capital. In Vinh Long, another Delta province, all Revolutionary Development teams were reported to be out of the field.

Little more than a month ago, this sort of situation would have been regarded as potentially catastrophic. At the moment, it probably matters much in human terms but singularly less than usual in terms of the war. We may never know the fate of many hamlet chiefs who accepted the promise of security as the return for their loyalty. In principle, if Giap fails in his general offensive and attempts to revert thereafter to guerrilla war, he may find this situation to his advantage. Theoretically, he will have new areas of recruitment, and much larger sections of the population under his control. But in fact, if the offensive is pushed to the point of defeat, Giap will lack the resources to control anything.

All in all, the allied forces have come through the first phase of the offensive in fair shape considering the weight and the unexpected timing and nature of Giap's first blow. Against the tangible losses of the enemy there have been mostly intangible losses on the allied side. Against the intangible gains of the enemy there have also been some intangible allied gains, of which the political realization of the need for unity among the nationalists stands high.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Civil-Rights Progress Out of the Spotlight

MARVIN RICH

THERE IS a widely held notion, strenuously encouraged by some militant Negro spokesmen, that the civil-rights movement is dead. The truth is that these spokesmen are merely proclaiming their own irrelevance to the movement, which is not only alive but flourishing. It has been producing remarkable results without big headlines.

In the past five years, the number of Negroes registered to vote in the eleven states of the old Confederacy has climbed from 1.3 million to more than three million. In Mississippi, the symbolic stronghold of segregation, only thirty-five thousand Negroes were registered before the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Now there are 200,000. Negroes are winning elections, too. In Mississippi alone, twenty-two Negroes won offices last November. Across the South, approximately two hundred Negroes now hold elective offices.

These gains are the result of hard and sustained—though little-noticed—registration campaigns by the Southern Regional Council's Voter Education Project, by the NAACP and other "old-line" civil-rights organizations, and, most significantly, by community groups that have been formed or encouraged to a new zealousness in recent years. An estimated 7,500 such groups are now functioning across the country, and their work involves much more than voter registration. There are tenants' unions, credit unions, and farmers' co-operatives. There are groups seeking to improve the lot of welfare recipients and others fighting discrimination in housing. But whatever their goals, they all use the same means: local action. Self-help is the salient characteristic of the civil-rights movement today.

The Quiet Revolution

To understand the importance of what has been happening in Southern politics, one has to go below the broad statistics to the individual communities. While most offices won by Negroes are minor ones, the local impact of their success is anything but minor.

For example, take West Feliciana Parish, in the delta area of Louisiana near the Mississippi border. In October, 1963, Nathaniel Smith, Sr., a farmer, became the third Negro in this century to register as a voter in West Feliciana, inciting considerable local hostility. But last November, largely as a result of efforts of the West Feliciana Voters' League, Smith was elected, along with two other Negroes, to the nine-member police jury, the local equivalent of a county council. In addition, West Feliciana now has two Negro deputy sheriffs, two Negroes on the school board, and three on the Democratic Party executive committee. "Things have really changed here," Smith told an interviewer recently. "Schools have been improved and integrated. At the Crown Zellerbach paper plant, three miles south of here, our people have jobs at $2.90 or $3 an hour. Before we got moving, you couldn't get a colored man hired there."

In Williamsburg County, South Carolina, early this year, Paul Murray was elected the state's first Negro county commissioner since the nineteenth century. Now the small landowners in his section of the county, most of them Negroes, are getting new roads, road maintenance, and other services previously denied to them. In the Negro section of Lane, streets are being built for the first time, and Murray is pressuring the County Commission to hire Negroes as truck drivers and heavy-equipment operators. When the county government last year refused to pay local administrative costs of the Federal food-stamp program, Negroes raised $8,000 to keep the program alive. One hundred and thirty-eight Negro pupils have been transferred to previously all-white schools without incident. Nevertheless, John Dimery, executive secretary of the County Voters' League, sees all this as only a beginning. He is looking forward to this year's elections, when he expects registered Negro voters to outnumber whites by eight thousand to seven thousand.

Even where Negroes haven't been elected to office, the rise in voter registrations has produced changes. Plaquemine, Louisiana, is a good example. It was the scene of major civil-rights confrontations in 1963, when police used tear gas, cattle prods, and horses to rout Negroes who were demonstrating to demand

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street lights, street signs, and enclosed sewers for their community. The clash received nationwide headlines but the Negroes failed to get any of the improvements. In the past few months, however, as a result of quiet voter-registration drives and adroit use of newly acquired political skills, the Negro section has gained the lights and signs. The sewers remain open, but the sewage is now chemically treated.

These three communities exemplify the transformation that has taken place in the civil-rights movement. The movement no longer depends on national leaders flying in from New York or Atlanta to lead well-publicized demonstrations. With rare exceptions, it no longer depends on demonstrations at all. As a recent memo prepared by the Southwest Georgia Project for Community Education notes, the emphasis now is on "building permanent structures capable of carrying out long-time change."

"Perhaps the greatest accomplishment of the movement in Southwest Georgia," the memo continues, is that "it brought to the forefront a new group of leaders, who, unlike the old leadership, are committed to a democratic, non-authoritarian relationship with their constituents. In many communities these responsible and responsive leaders now sit at the head of embryonic grass roots organizations." The director of the Southwest Georgia Project is Charles M. Sherrod, a graduate of the Virginia Union Theological Seminary, who at one time was a member of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee executive committee. He is now involved in a major effort to build a campaign organization in the twenty-two counties of Georgia's Second Congressional District, and there is a fair chance that he will, in time, succeed in electing Georgia's first Negro Congressman.

The disenchantment with national leaders is fairly common among leaders of the local-action groups. Still, there is no disposition to overlook the fact that the early "spectaculars" of the civil-rights movement goaded the national conscience and helped pass the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and other civil-rights legislation.

"The national organizations have their role to play, perhaps an even more important one now," says Ronnie Moore, Leadership Development Director for the Scholarship, Education, and Defense Fund for Racial Equality (FRE). "Their constant vigilance is required in Washington and other centers of power if anti-poverty programs and a variety of other programs are not to be scuttled."

Primers for Power

Moore, like Sherrod, personifies the transformation of the civil-rights movement. Expelled from Southern University in 1961 for leading 2,500 students in a civil-rights demonstration in Baton Rouge, he spent four years as CORE's Louisiana director and was jailed eighteen times.

During the past year, Moore has been instrumental in organizing seminars and workshops for 2,300 citizen-leaders from 120 communities. Most of the participants were leaders of unaffiliated local-action groups—ministers, farmers, millhands, or factory workers, who devote their evenings and weekends to community service. Some of the workshops are designed to teach campaign skills to candidates for public office. Twenty-eight candidates who attended these workshops have since been elected. Zelma C. Wyche, a barber in Tallulah, Louisiana, attended a workshop at Frogmore, South Carolina, in the summer of 1966. "The discussion on how to run a campaign really fascinated me," he said then, "because it brought out so many things of importance that I overlooked in my campaign for alderman." Apparently he didn't overlook them again, for he defeated two white candidates for the Democratic nomination for police chief last November.

In its efforts to teach political skills, a job also being ably performed in many areas by the NAACP and the Voter Education Project, SEDFRE has prepared and distributed twenty thousand copies of a pamphlet called "Political Strength—How to Get It: A Guide to Effective Action in Your Community." Based on the experiences of State Representative DeVerne Calloway in Missouri and SEDFRE staff member James McCain, who has built successful county organizations in South Carolina, the pamphlet is a simply written, highly detailed explanation of how to build political organizations from the precinct up. In many areas of the South and in the North, local-action groups are using it as something close to a blueprint for political action.

The workshop has developed into a highly effective instrument for training new Negro leaders, especially in the South, where there has been little opportunity for an educated Negro middle class to emerge. Last August, for example, SEDFRE ran a four-day workshop in Virginia to instruct thirty-five new Negro school-board members in planning school policies, in preparing school budgets, and in public administration. The board members, some of whom had not gone beyond grammar school, came from Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Florida, and Washington, D.C. Their instructors included representatives of the school systems of New York, Pennsylvania, and Washington, and officials of the U.S. Office of Education.

At a workshop in Jackson, Mississippi, over the weekend of December 8-10, there were 160 participants, most of them representing Child Development groups from six Mississippi counties. Otis Williams, area council member for the group in Madison County, reflected the prevailing attitude. He had seen SNCC and CORE come and go and foresaw the day when the Child Development program funds might be reduced or cut off completely. "I'm interested in political strength and how to get it," he said, "because we're going to be left alone to do it ourselves some day."

THE civil-rights movement has spilled over into a variety of self-help groups all across the country. In Chicago, some two thousand tenants in forty buildings are represented by the East Garfield Park Tenants Union, which last year won an agree-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment from the buildings' managing agent to renovate and improve apartments and to establish a grievance procedure. The union, organized with the assistance of staff members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and aided by the Chicago Legal Services Organization, which is financed by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, has managed to get walls replastered, doorknobs, doorbells, and mailboxes installed, heat in winter, window screens in summer, and other improvements.

Mrs. Vernedia White, president of the union, who was in court twelve times to fight eviction during a rent strike last year, told an interviewer proudly not long ago that the management agency had just ordered forty additional apartments fixed up "with new plastering and everything." Other buildings are being organized, she continued, "and we hope to have every building in East Garfield Park up to code standard by spring."

Operation Bootstrap was established in Los Angeles in 1965 with $1,000 borrowed from a Negro businessman to assist the hard-core unemployed. It has trained them as computer programmers, as sewing-machine operators, and in a variety of other skills. It has trained some 350 during the past year, and 287 of these Negroes who had been regarded as unemployable have now been placed in jobs.

Negro farmers in southwest Alabama, who had been netting as little as $20 an acre from cotton crops and living in the harshest kind of poverty, established the South West Alabama Farmers' Cooperative Association in 1966. Since then, they have diversified their crops to include okra, cucumbers, and peas, which are marketed through their co-operative, and have increased their earnings appreciably. With OEO help, the co-op branched out into buying supplies and dusting crops. About a thousand farm families in ten Black Belt counties are now members. Joe Johnson, the organization's president, who still pumps water by hand in the yard of his own small farm, said: "Many farmers were ready to give up before we formed. The association gave them hope, and now they are back at farming. If it were not for us, many of them would be in Cincinnati, Cleveland, or Detroit."

John Zippert, assistant director of the Southern Cooperative Development Program, which operates in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee, said: "We are not yet able to provide enough management skill, financial knowledge, marketing outlets, or horticultural experience to provide real security. But for our individual members, there has been a real difference." He reports that for members of one vegetable co-operative in Louisiana it has meant an extra $50 an acre, and that this has enabled most of the members to

get out of debt. Affiliated with the Southern Cooperative Development Program are seven credit unions, a bakery, a service station in Louisiana, and a large petroleum co-operative in Tennessee, as well as a number of vegetable and cotton farmers' co-operatives and a cotton gin. Together, they service more than five thousand rural families in the heart of the Black Belt.

Welfare and Housing

Two hundred welfare-client organizations are now functioning in twenty-six states with the assistance of the Poverty Rights Action Center in Washington. Detailed manuals explaining welfare regulations and how to appeal unfavorable decisions have been prepared. The welfare organizations represent an enfranchisement of the poor similar to the enrollment of Negro voters.

An estimated half of those entitled to welfare assistance do not receive it, and most of those who do receive assistance get less than the maximum to which they are legally entitled. In New York City, SEDFRE attorneys, who represent the City-Wide Welfare Committee, helped to get $400,000 for welfare clients for such items as moving costs and winter clothing.

One of the most interesting efforts now being made by the civil-rights movement is in the area of housing discrimination, which is a primary cause of much of our de facto school segregation and recently, with the movement of industry to the often segregated suburbs, has become a new barrier to equal employment opportunities. The National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing estimates that there are 1,500 community groups now functioning and that, significantly, most of these are in the suburbs. Many have been relatively ineffective, but NCDH hopes to improve the situation by co-ordinating the work of these groups with new groups in the central cities.

One of the most effective fair housing groups is Operation Open City in New York, initiated by NCDH and now a project of the Urban League of Greater New York and financed by the New York City Council Against Poverty. Mrs. Betty Hoeber, its director, says that in the past two years Operation Open City has placed 1,100 Negro families in communities outside New York's slums. In many cases, it was necessary to make use of the New York City law against discrimination to secure the housing. Gratifyingly, a study of the first six hundred families for which open housing was found indicates that eighty-three per cent of them experienced no discrimination in their new neighborhoods.

Although no one involved in the civil-rights movement is inclined to gloss over the awesome job still to be done, most of its activists are buoyed by the knowledge that what they do is producing thousands of useful beginnings. They recognize that the job requires a continuing national commitment—of government, of local and national organizations, and of individuals.

In most instances, they have little connection with those who are most often accepted as spokesmen for Negro aspirations. They care little for ideology; they are pragmatic. They waste little time on talk of black power. They are more concerned with pressing for the tangible changes, in matters small and large, that will make the Negro a full participant in American life.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cheddi Jagan Returns to Battle

WINTHROP P. CARTY and NICHOLAS RAYMOND

GEORGETOWN, GUYANA

THIS IS a pre-election year in Guyana, the former British Guiana. After four years of tranquillity under Prime Minister Forbes Burnham, there are fears of a renewal of the racial violence that left more than two hundred dead in 1964. This time there will be no British security force to keep order, but little else has changed.

Guyana's chief claim to international attention is its last colonial-era premier, Cheddi B. Jagan, a veteran Marxist who no longer makes any attempt to hide his allegiance to the Communist world. Jagan opened his campaign for Prime Minister in January after returning home from an extended tour that included Moscow for the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution and Havana for the Latin American Solidarity Organization meeting. Wall posters at Freedom House, the ramshackle headquarters of Jagan's People's Progressive Party (PPP), proclaim "Create Two, Three Vietnams—That Is the Watchword." But Jagan may not need (and is personally unsuited for) guerrilla warfare. No avowed Communist in the world is closer to being elected democratically, and Jagan believes that time is on his side. "They can rig this election," he says grimly, "but they can't rig all the bloody elections."

Guyanese politics are simple. There is only one real issue, the struggle for supremacy between the Negro and East Indian ethnic blocs, and two personalities, Burnham and Jagan. Race permits Jagan, even though he is a Marxist, to command the unquestioning support of an East Indian community of conservative farmers who are devout Hindus. It gives Burnham, a pragmatic Fabian socialist who works closely with local and foreign business interests, the backing of a Negro community that is jampacked into urban centers where unemployment runs as high as twenty per cent. This ethnic vote is presumed to be so predictable that election analysts just project the outcome on the basis of proportional racial voting strength.

For different reasons, the two men are assuming that the government coalition of Burnham's People's National Congress (PNC) and the small United Force (UF), a free-enterprise party made up of leftover ethnic scraps, will carry the next election.

Brown and Black

In 1964, Jagan's PPP won 45.8 per cent of the total vote, a plurality but short of a majority. Burnham's PNC won 40.5 per cent and the UF 12.4 per cent. Two splinter parties divided the remainder. The Crown dutifully asked Jagan to try to form a government, but his espousal of extreme leftist causes precluded an alliance with the business-oriented and largely Catholic United Force, so the PNC-UF coalition took over. Independence was granted in 1966.

The last complete racial analysis, prior to the 1964 vote, showed the East Indians with 50.1 per cent of the total population, followed by the Negroes with 31.3 per cent, mixed blood (generally PNC-supporting) 11.9 per cent, Amerindians (UF-supporting) 4.6 per cent, with the rest a smattering of Portuguese, other Europeans, and Chinese. However, the very high birth rate of the East Indians during the postwar era left a disproportionate number below the voting age of twenty-one.

The question today is how many of the East Indian young have now reached voting age. The government plans a national voter-registration campaign this summer that will give a precise ethnic breakdown. Burnham believes the coalition still will have a plurality of fifteen thousand out of a total registration of about 275,000. But that would still be a dangerously slim margin, and Burnham's confidence hinges on the device of including the "overseas vote," which is to be allowed for the first time.

The government reckons that there may be as many as sixty thousand Guyanese of all ages living outside the country, most of them in England, Canada, the United States, and the West Indies. It is presumed that most are Negroes who left in search of work. If the government can locate and register even a third of this number, its margin of victory probably would be assured.

Jagan understandably views the overseas vote as a fraudulent gimmick and charges that "the foreign service will become a recruiting station for the government." The PPP hints that since the country has no adequate foreign service capable of handling the registration, the job will be done by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. It has also charged that a U.S. company hired by Burnham to handle the internal voter-registration campaign is a CIA front. The U.S. embassy vigorously denies the latter charge, and Burnham ridicules all of the charges. It is true, however, that the CIA took an interest in the 1964 election, largely through an attempt to break Jagan's control of the sugar workers' unions. So the PPP probably is entitled to a few doubts, although the U.S. presence here today is very low-key. Ambas-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sador Delmar R. Carson is holding his staff to a minimum and avoiding the limelight.

THE GREAT PITY of the racial issue is that it obscures Burnham's fine record as Prime Minister. On political issues alone, Jagan would not have a hope. An appealing figure and an effective speaker, Jagan mixes Communist dogma, economic grievances, and homespun humor. But when asked specific questions about an economic program, he lapses into jargon about "controlling the commanding heights of the economy."

Both Burnham and Peter d'Aguiar, the prosperous Portuguese businessman who heads the United Force, hold Jagan in contempt. "That man is an absolute muddler," d'Aguiar says. "He would make the rich poor and the poor poorer. If Jagan comes back in, you can write off Guyana."

D'Aguiar's opinion is naturally colored by his own doctrinaire views, but it is true that even aside from his Marxist philosophy Jagan was an indifferent administrator during colonial times and was guilty of a political gaffe in 1964 that would have lost him the leadership of almost any other party in the world. Apparently convinced of his own invincibility after seven years in office and anxious to get rid of the restraining hand of the British, Jagan agreed to let Secretary of State for Colonies Duncan Sandys unilaterally specify the rules for the pre-independence elections.

Sandys fell to with a vengeance. Prior to 1964, British Guiana had been governed by a legislature whose members were chosen as in the British House of Commons—the front runner in each of thirty-five separate constituencies. The PPP held twenty seats, the PNC eleven, and the UF four. Sandys ruled that the new election would be based on proportional representation of the three parties in a single national constituency, a scheme that Burnham had been demanding for years. At the same time, the unicameral assembly was expanded from thirty-five to fifty-three seats. When the votes were counted, the PPP had won only twenty-one seats, Jagan was unhorsed, and the British gleefully sped away.

In contrast to Jagan, Burnham appears to grow in stature. His handling of the Prime Minister's post has been both astute and statesmanlike. Before he took office, this London-educated son of a small-town schoolteacher evoked mixed reactions. An old Jagan ally, he had broken away to form the PNC in 1955. In two terms as mayor of Georgetown, he was thought to be a gifted orator and a shrewd politician but a lazy administrator. Some saw in him an authoritarian manner and an aura of black nationalism that spelled trouble.

In the last four years, however, Guyana has been ably led. There has been little racial friction, able men of all races have been attracted to government service, the government coalition has held up despite economic differences, and, most important, East Indian problems have been given top priority. With such a record, Burnham should be able to win re-election handily, but he will run with full knowledge that he cannot dent the rigid racial structure.

The Battle and the War

Both men will have a variety of decisions to make before election day. The government must carry through the registration campaign, fix the ground rules for the overseas vote, and set an election date. The government's tenure will not expire until March, 1969, but elections are expected in December or January at the latest.

"I am taking a step-by-step approach," Jagan says, "and my first job is to oppose a fraudulent election. People are hurt by devaluation, new taxes, four years of betrayal and high unemployment, and on top of that they [the government] are rigging the elections. The fundamental point is that these attempts lead to instability."

Except when blaming the CIA for racial outbreaks during his government, Jagan deftly substitutes the word "instability" for violence whenever the subject is raised, a way of shoving all future guilt in Burnham's direction. But he does not dodge the fact that the real issue in the coming months is the degree of violence, both spontaneous and provoked.

Both sides have something to gain as well as lose from a heightening of racial tension, and the blame for "incidents" will be by no means one-sided. At a recent rally in Bourda Green, Georgetown's traditional outdoor meeting place, Jagan had to run for cover from a hail of coconuts after goons broke up a North Vietnam film showing. Violence is most common in the cities, where Negroes are in the great majority, and Jagan makes constant reference to the feared "choke 'n' robs," the local term for muggers. "Do not let them 'choke 'n rob' the unions," he tells his audiences.

In the minds of most neutral observers here, Jagan's mettle is underestimated. The years out of power appear to have hardened and embittered him. A year ago, an East Indian politician named Akbar Alli was gunned down in the street after defecting from the PPP. In September, a number of other PPP officials, said to be moderates, were purged by the party. Jagan now talks ominously of "flexible tactics, not only to win victory but to maintain ourselves in power."

Can Cheddi Jagan ever "win victory" in Guyana? He is sure that he will, if not this time then the next. Still only fifty and in sound health, he feels he can wait. Eventually, the East Indians will have an undeniable majority and the birth rate continues to favor them. He also is betting on Burnham's having economic difficulties and trouble within the government coalition. "Burnham works on the system of 'jobs for the boys,' but he is running out of gravy," warns the Chicago-schooled East Indian leader.

If Jagan does come to power, his enemies say, he will quickly create a large Communist presence in Guyana in the form of Soviet-bloc embassies, advisers, and aid, then count on this Communist shield to protect him. He professes to be certain that the United States won't try to topple his régime because "pressure is building up against military intervention."

Victory at the polls, however, would mean that Jagan would have to run the country from the Negro stronghold of Georgetown—and without British troops to back him up. Although Burnham has made an honest effort to reduce the percentage, the 1,000-man Guyana Defense Force and the 1,900-man police are seventy-five per cent Negro. Tradi-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionally the East Indians have been the farmers and shopkeepers, while Negroes have dominated the civil-service ranks. Jagan says he would be more worried about a military coup than intervention. There is also the question of whether Burnham would turn over power in case of defeat. Although he is proud of his democratic record and steeped in the parliamentary system, Burnham shares d'Aguiar's view that Jagan would wreck the country's chances of peaceful development.

PRIVATELY, Burnham believes that given five more years he could break Jagan's grip on the East Indian masses. He cannot realistically expect to capture the East Indian vote for himself, but he believes that national progress must finally force the East Indians to renounce Jagan's political views.

When Burnham took office, an outsider's view of the country's two major racial blocs seemed much different. Briton Peter Simms, in his book *Trouble in Guyana*, wrote:

"In those days the Indians were seen as the more stable section of the community. Everyone accepted that they were capitalists at heart, and the belief was that one day they would come to their senses and recognize that their personal interests demanded that they stop voting for Jagan and Communism.

"The Negro on the other hand was seen as the unstable element who was not really interested in the creation of a modern and viable society, but only in power and its immediate enjoyment. It was thought that he would be quite content to see Guyana disintegrate into a voodoo state similar to Haiti. The 'blackman' represented violence and rape and the worst forms of disorder."

Neither assumption proved valid. The East Indian community is still committed to Jagan, but the statesmanship of Prime Minister Burnham has dissipated the specter of a "voodoo state."

To penetrate rural East Indian isolation, a condition that favors the clannish support of Jagan, the government has initiated an ambitious road-building program and is revamping the rice industry, which is almost exclusively in the hands of East Indian farmers. Rice is the staple of the Guyanese diet and is the nation's third largest export (behind sugar and bauxite). More than 45,000 East Indian families are engaged in rice growing, and the government estimates that the industry provides a livelihood for more than a third of the country's population of 700,000. But per-acre yields are low. Burnham has started a major modernization program with the help of $10 million a year in U.S. aid, seeking to improve milling, build storage facilities, and introduce new seed, fertilizers, and pesticides. In short, Burnham has done much to assuage East Indian fears of black chauvinism, even to the point of angering black nationalists in his own party.

The Prime Minister's answer to the racial problem is colonization. He dreams of settling the largely uninhabited interior with the unemployed masses of Negroes now crammed into the slums of Georgetown and New Amsterdam and with immigrants from the overpopulated and predominantly black islands of the West Indies.

But neither programs nor dreams are expected to help much this year, when the issues once again will be race and violence, the "choke 'n rob," and the overseas vote. Both Burnham and Jagan see the coming election as just one more battle in a long war. The odds seem to favor Burnham for the battle, but no one is sure about the war.

De Gaulle's Outposts In the Caribbean

BARRY LANDO

THE Caribbean islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, remnants of the once vast French empire in the Western Hemisphere, have been full-fledged departments of Metropolitan France since 1946. They are officially part and parcel of France and in theory benefit fully from its laws, government, civilization, and grandeur. Uniformed grade-school children study the same curriculum as their compatriots in Paris, Marseilles, Toulouse. Workers receive the same minimum wages. In Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe's major city, French *flics* in khakis and képis direct traffic on the downtown streets. *Paris Match*, *L'Express*, and *Figaro* are sold in the bookshops. Peugeots, Renaults, and Citroëns careen past French traffic markers on the asphalt highways.

This is the islands' French façade. But instead of tidy, temperate farmlands, the highways cut through towering fields of sugar cane, banana plantations, giant ferns, bamboo, and vivid bougainvillaea. And the center of Pointe-à-Pitre resembles the more ramshackle districts of Hong Kong rather than a French city. Except for a couple of brief intervals, Guadeloupe and Martinique have been French since 1635, but their problems are typically Caribbean.

Two crops, bananas and sugar, dominate the islands' economy and provide most of the few steady jobs. The methods of the sugar growers are highly inefficient. Yet because the planters must pay their workers the same wages and make the same social-security contributions as farmers in France, their production costs are far above those of other areas. The planters survive only because France pays much more than the going world price (and twenty per cent above the current U.S. price) for sugar. Even so, many of them are deeply in debt, and an increasing number have switched to bananas, a more profitable if more hazardous crop.

With little industrialization and a two-crop economy, most food and almost all manufactured items must be imported. Prices, of course, are steep. The tourist potential is underdeveloped; labor in the fields is seasonal, and thousands of workers

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exist on credit from one harvest to the next. Only twenty-five per cent of the employable population have steady jobs. Yet no one is starving. The average per capita income is about $500 per year, one-third that of France, nearly that of Spain and Greece. The reason is that Martinique and Guadeloupe, with combined populations of 625,000, receive more government money per inhabitant than any of the other eighty-nine French departments.

For Fun and Profit

French aid takes several forms. The islanders are eligible for the same family allocation as paid in France at a set rate per child. The government has attempted to reduce this cash incentive to procreation by distributing part of the allowance to the school system rather than directly to each family. Nonetheless, a rural worker with five or six children receives as much from his monthly allocation check as he does from his wages.

There is also direct government aid and investment. In 1966 alone France poured about $106 million into the two islands. This plus family-allocation payments came to almost sixty per cent of their combined gross departmental products. Without it, Guadeloupe and Martinique would be sunk in an economic quagmire. With it, they have new roads, jet airports, electric power, housing projects, schools, and hospitals.

French rule has its drawbacks, however. Mayors are elected locally, but real power on each island is wielded by a prefect appointed from Paris. Major administrative decisions must also be cleared by the appropriate bureaucrat thousands of miles away in Paris.

The government's attempt at land reform has had dreary results. It has also dragged its feet on promoting local industries—one important reason being the negative pressure of French concerns to maintain their overseas markets. Although the islands' population is rising by about three per cent a year and the shortage of jobs is already acute, there has been no vigorous birth-control program. So far the government's only answer appears to be the encouragement of emigration. Roughly five thousand islanders leave each year to look for work in France—hardly a solution when another eighteen thousand are added to the population annually through natural increase.

The islands have their racial problems as well. At the pinnacle of local society are the Bekés, the few thousand white descendants of early French immigrants, most of whom cling to the past in business methods as well as racial outlook. They may mix professionally, but only on the rarest occasions will they invite dark-skinned mulattoes or Negroes to dine at their homes. Interracial marriage is out of the question. The colored people, particularly the mulattoes, have been moving up fast as professionals and businessmen; their resentment toward the Bekés is only barely contained.

Racial hostility flared last May when a construction workers' wage dispute in Pointe-à-Pitre erupted into violent rioting, killing ten people and injuring hundreds. Many Negroes and mulattoes singled out whites for attack.

Ties of Interest

In national elections the islands are more solidly for de Gaulle more than is any other department. Yet in local elections Marxism is the strongest political force. Apart from a small group of professionals and intellectuals who demand complete independence from France, the great majority of Communists and Socialists are realistic. The top Communist on Guadeloupe, Henri Bangou, a brilliant Negro doctor and mayor of Pointe-à-Pitre, keeps copies of *Coca-Cola International* alongside *L'Humanité* in his outer office. What he and most other Marxists call for is "autonomy within the framework of union with France." Martinique and Guadeloupe, he explains, should have the same relation with France that Puerto Rico has with the United States. Since Puerto Rico's commonwealth status is condemned by Marxist leaders throughout Latin America, Bangou's view is remarkable.

The French government, however, refuses to recognize any such middle ground. Martinique and Guadeloupe must either be departments or separate from France completely. Almost all of the islanders have criticisms of French rule, but, correctly or not, few would disagree with one planter who stated: "Independence would be a disaster, a parade of misery. We'd become just like Haiti. Our greatest fear is that de Gaulle will take these occasional disturbances seriously and abandon the islands."

This is unlikely in the near future. De Gaulle seems to feel that the cost of maintaining the islands is more than compensated by the prestige France derives from having departments in this hemisphere. But most of the French assigned to the islands for two or three years as bureaucrats, policemen, and soldiers would not agree with him. They usually regard their stay on the islands as an unpleasant exile and the islands themselves as colonies of minimal value. As one government worker told me: "The radicals tell us to leave. I say great, the sooner the better."

Whatever government succeeds de Gaulle's will probably be less obsessed with international prestige than his. In the long run, a partial break with France seems inevitable. As things now stand, even a gradual diminution of aid would prove disastrous to the islands' hothouse economy. To avoid chaos, they must turn toward some form of regional association with other Caribbean states. So far, France has done little to promote such co-operation.

The people who lose most sleep over the possibility of the French leaving are the whites—and they fear for their lives as well as their livelihoods. The Bekés and many of the more prosperous lighter-skinned inhabitants look toward the United States to protect them from danger, and they play up the impending "Communist menace" to any American willing to listen. They are delighted every time a U.S. warship comes in for a courtesy call.

The U.S. policy is to give complete support to French rule, on the theory that the French presence means stability. In the short run, perhaps; but unless the French government adopts a more dynamic approach to the islands' problems, the United States could find itself drawn into yet another Caribbean predicament.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rape Case That Shook Maryland

THOMAS W. LIPPMAN

THE HAMLET of Spencerville, Maryland seems an unlikely place for social upheaval. It is only twenty miles from Washington and the same distance from Baltimore, but the gulf between Spencerville and its big-city neighbors might better be measured in time than in space. In Spencerville, people still pick up their mail at the general store and call Negroes by their first names, and on summer nights fish and swim in the Patuxent River just up the road. For all its rural simplicity, it is located in Montgomery County, which also contains Bethesda, Chevy Chase, and Silver Spring with their disproportionate number of the educated, the rich, the powerful, and the concerned. And it was their interest that brought about a reconsideration of the now historic Giles case.

At the start there was nothing about the case to stir the imagination and interest of such people. It began at midnight on July 20, 1961, while three young Negroes, the brothers John and James Giles and their friend Joseph Johnson, aged twenty-two, twenty, and twenty-three respectively, were fishing in the Patuxent, in a secluded wooded cove at the foot of Batson Road near Spencerville—an area known as a local lovers' lane. As they fished, a car pulled up on the bank behind them. Its occupants were three young men and a sixteen-year-old girl, all white. What happened in the hour that followed has grown less clear with the passage of time, but those present agreed on these basic events: Two of the white men left the car to find an open filling station, leaving the girl alone in the rear seat with Stewart Lee Foster, a young tough with a reputation for bigotry. As the three Negroes attempted to go past the car on their way home, disparaging remarks were exchanged, a fight broke out, Foster was punched and knocked down, the girl fled into the woods. John Giles and then the other young Negroes followed her. She removed her clothes, and at least two of them had intercourse with her. She did not resist or cry out for help. Foster came to and ran to the nearest house to summon help. The police were called; spotlights, barking dogs, and shouts of searchers shattered the silent rural darkness. Johnson was arrested within six hours at his home in Spencerville, James Giles later the same day. John Giles gave himself up two days later.

The Sentence

Charged with rape, the Giles brothers were tried before Judge James H. Pugh, Jr., of the Montgomery County Circuit Court in December, 1961. (Johnson's lawyer had asked that he be tried separately outside Montgomery County.) In giving her testimony, the girl told a simple story. She fled out of fear, she said, when the Negroes smashed some windows of the car. After stumbling into the woods, she undressed and submitted to both the Giles brothers and Johnson because she felt they might otherwise harm her.

By contrast, the account given by the Giles brothers sounded ludicrous. They insisted that John Giles did not have relations with her at all, that she had solicited intercourse with the two others, that she had told them she was on probation and would have to say she was raped if anyone found her out, that she had already been with "sixteen or seventeen boys" that week and a few more made no difference to her.

The prosecutor, Leonard T. Kardy, had little trouble discrediting that tale. He pointed out its incongruity with the circumstances—a young white girl alone in the darkness, pursued by three strange Negroes, in fear for her life after seeing them attack her companion. The all-white jury deliberated only an hour before bringing in a verdict against the brothers. The jurors had received no instructions from Judge Pugh as to what law applied, nor had he given them the legal definition of rape; he left it to them to determine the law, as juries in Maryland are required to do. In pronouncing sentence, the judge was blunt about his own feelings: "By your vicious act," he told the Giles brothers, "you are not entitled to any consideration by this court." When John Giles replied simply, "I said I didn't rape her and they [the police and the girl] said I didn't rape her, and so that is all," Judge Pugh replied that the jury "didn't believe you; and the jury rightly didn't believe you." He sentenced the brothers to die in the gas chamber.

The case might have ended there but for the stirrings of shock and curiosity among local residents over the death sentence. Not until much later did they question the youths' guilt. The first person to do something about her "sense of horror at the imposition of the death sentence on two young men when . . . she admittedly made no resistance and even co-operated," was Mrs. Howard Ross, a Silver Spring housewife whose maid, Mary, was the mother of John and James Giles. Mrs. Ross believed that if the boys had not been Negroes they would not have been sentenced to death. In the summer of 1962, just before Joseph Johnson was tried, she organized the Giles-Johnson Defense Committee.

Meanwhile an editorial questioning the sentence appeared in the weekly newspaper in Rockville, the county seat. Dr. Harold Knapp, a Defense Department scientist, read it and, with no thought of the consequences, wrote a letter to the editor saying that the death sentence seemed uncalled for. Months later, he was startled to receive a Christmas card from John Giles. Knapp sent a card in return. It was delivered behind the prison walls in February of 1963.

DURING THIS TIME, the Giles case had been winding its normal way towards the Maryland Court of Appeals. There were fewer grounds for second-guessing a conviction at that time than there are now, and the appeal was unsuccessful. In April, 1963, the brothers' lawyer made a routine appeal to the U.S. Supreme

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Court, which refused to consider the case for want of a substantial Federal question and allowed the Circuit Court conviction to stand.

Meanwhile, Johnson had also been tried and sentenced to death. By this time, Knapp's interest had been thoroughly aroused. He now joined forces with Mrs. Ross and went to work in earnest.

It was clear to the Defense Committee that the only real issue to raise was the credibility of the state's two principal witnesses, the girl and Foster. There had been little opportunity at the trial to challenge their testimony, because little was known about Foster, and the girl's juvenile records were closed to the public. Knapp determined to learn more.

Knapp remembered what the brothers had testified the girl told them about herself that July night in the woods. He realized that it was all unlikely, but it was also unlikely that John Giles could invent such a story. He went to Hyattsville, the girl's home town, to learn what he could about her.

With the assistance of the state's attorney in her home county, Knapp researched and prepared a long report to Governor J. Millard Tawes. It disclosed that the girl had had an "incredible history" of promiscuity since she was fourteen and that juvenile authorities had recommended placing her on probation as beyond her parents' control. She also had a history of mental instability and had filed earlier unfounded rape claims.

The Defense Committee's charge that Prosecutor Leonard Kardy knew all this but had deliberately suppressed it (although Kardy himself denied the charge) became the principal argument in the last years of the case. Armed with Knapp's report in the fall of 1963, the committee asked Governor Tawes to reduce the three death sentences to eighteen months' imprisonment, the minimum under Maryland law.

By this time, the Giles-Johnson case was drawing wide attention. Edward P. Morgan denounced the death sentences on TV as a "monstrous miscarriage of justice." Washington radio stations asked the governor to grant the clemency petition. The NAACP staged a vigil on the steps of the executive mansion in Annapolis. On October 24, three

weeks before the young Negroes were due to be executed, Governor Tawes commuted their sentences to life imprisonment. The life sentences imposed on three young men, who by then he had come to suspect were innocent, hardened Harold Knapp's determination to help them.

'Gettin' There'

John and James Giles and Joseph Johnson were in constant contact with the Knapps and Mrs. Ross, but as far as the public was concerned they faded into the background. The case now turned into a personal battle between Knapp and Prosecutor Kardy, hard fought on both sides.

In the course of his pursuit of the facts, Knapp was sued by members of the girl's family, verbally attacked in court by Kardy, harassed by the police, and frustrated by red tape. "It takes me forever to get all the stuff down and documented," he wrote, "but I'm gettin' there." His private life was subjected to public scorn, and it was no longer possible for him to take a detached view of the case.

Joseph Forer and Hal Witt, the Washington lawyers hired by the committee to conduct the legal appeals, decided to concentrate on the Giles case and hold Johnson's in abeyance until the brothers' case was settled. On May 11, 1964, they filed a "petition for relief," allowed when normal appeals have failed.

The defense lawyers knew by now that Montgomery police had given testimony in the trial that conflicted with their testimony at the preliminary hearing. Yet three years later Kardy admitted under oath that he had checked nothing in the case, relying solely on reports from the policemen (all white in Montgomery County) to sustain his charge.

Under a quaint ruling in Maryland law, none of the new evidence uncovered by Knapp was admissible in a post-conviction hearing. But the issue of suppression was enough for Judge Walter H. Moorman, who heard Forer and Witt's "petition for relief" in Montgomery County Circuit Court in November, 1964. Judge Moorman ruled that the Giles brothers had been denied due process of law and ordered a new trial. But his decision was appealed by Prosecutor Kardy, and in July of 1965 the state Court of Appeals overruled Judge Moorman. The Defense Committee determined to take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court once again. On March 21, 1966, the justices agreed to hear arguments.

The Supreme Court demanded the notes taken by the investigating officers at the time of the crime. Four dissenting justices attacked what they considered an unwarranted intrusion by the court into state affairs, but the court finally ruled that the Giles brothers were entitled to re-examination of their case because of the conflicting testimony of the police. And so, on May 15, 1967, the case was back before Judge Moorman for a new post-conviction proceeding.

THE STRAIN was beginning to tell on Knapp and other members of the committee. The Giles brothers looked as if they knew they were pawns in a game that was taking too long to play. Even more than a year earlier, James Giles had written from prison that the case "has long since lost whatever meaning I might have once placed on it. Four years—an awfully long time to spend in a place like this."

By this time, however, Leonard Kardy had been succeeded in office by a gentlemanly young lawyer, William A. Linthicum, Jr. Linthicum surprised the judge and the committee by announcing that he had made his own investigation into the police testimony, found conflicts, and decided that a new trial was justi-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fied. Judge Moorman agreed, as he had before.

By now feelings were running so high in Montgomery County that at the prosecution's request the trial was moved to Towson, near Baltimore. There, on July 5, 1967, Judge John G. Turnbull decided that the Giles brothers had been in prison long enough "with only a charge against them," and ordered their release on bond, an unusual move in a capital case. Knapp put up the deed to his home to raise money.

Linthicum's problem now was to produce his witnesses. In the six years since the first trial, the girl in the case had married, moved away, and settled down in Florida. On the day the trial opened in October, 1967, Linthicum put a county policeman on the stand to testify that both she and Foster were unavailable. The girl, the policeman said, simply refused to come back, and a Florida judge had declined to order her to appear. All he said about Foster was that he too was in Florida, attempting to come home for the trial. (In fact, Foster was in jail in North Carolina.)

Linthicum asked Judge W. Albert Menchine for permission to place in the record a transcript of the testimony from the first trial. Judge Menchine, noting that the credibility of that testimony was the whole issue, denied the request. This left Linthicum no choice but to drop the prosecution. The Defense Committee had won out at last.

One More Obstacle

Now that the Giles brothers were free, Johnson began to look forward to the day of his own release. The testimony and evidence against him were substantially the same as those in the Giles case and an acquittal seemed sure. But Linthicum, after a consultation with the state attorney general, decided to oppose a new trial. His opposition was based on his opinion that the first Johnson trial was free of the defects that clouded the Giles case. He suggested that Johnson apply for a pardon instead.

Here the Defense Committee rushed into its greatest tactical error. Buoyed into a sense of confidence by the public sentiment over the Giles case, they rejected the suggestion and demanded a hearing on Johnson's petition for a new trial. Their statement was accompanied by harsh words about Linthicum. They felt, as the Washington *Post* put it, that "it is sickening to see the state search for legal technicalities to obstruct what decency demands."

Forer was brilliant in his arguments before Judge E. Mackall Childs of the Anne Arundel County Circuit Court, where Johnson's hearing was held last November. He pointed out that the police had lied, that Kardy had suppressed evidence, that the girl's credibility was nil. He said it was "intolerable" for the State of Maryland to keep Joseph Johnson in prison. But Judge Childs was openly hostile to Johnson, to Forer, and to the Supreme Court in three days of arguments, and his nineteen-page opinion was prepared before the final arguments. Late in January he gave his decision, rejecting every one of Forer's pleas. He found no reason, he said, to reopen the Johnson case.

THE COMMITTEE had trouble deciding on the next step. Johnson was taking his continued confinement very hard. His emotional state had deteriorated since the release of the Giles brothers. He needed to be free. But an appeal of Judge Childs' decision would take many months.

People were beginning to criticize the committee, to say publicly what many had felt for a long time—that the committee did not want the case to end, that it had become part of its members' lives. It was suspected that they cared more about an acquittal for the Giles brothers and about discrediting Kardy than about freeing Johnson.

This talk was quickly silenced when Johnson, after consulting with the committee, instructed Forer to ask for a pardon. He had been told that Governor Spiro T. Agnew, as an outspoken opponent of capital punishment, would give the request favorable consideration.

The governor's announcement of Johnson's pardon in early February, within a week of its request, was almost an anticlimax. Two members of the Maryland legislature, repeating the story that the Defense Committee was more interested in pursuing its attack on Kardy than in helping Johnson, had requested action by the governor even before Johnson's formal petition was filed. And Kardy and Linthicum both lent their support to the petition. The governor, after receiving a report from his secretary of state on the case, ordered Johnson unconditionally freed without commenting on the conduct or motives of anyone involved in the case.

Knapp, who met Johnson at the gates, said the Defense Committee would continue to function to assist him in "taking his place in society." In prison Johnson learned spray painting, and he hopes to take it up again. John Giles is now working as a landscape gardener, the trade he learned in prison. James is a college freshman. The girl has a husband, two children, and a determination not to discuss the case. Foster has a long criminal record and a divorce. Kardy has a successful private practice. Harold Knapp and Mrs. Ross have three devoted young friends.

Montgomery County has changed too. This spring, its first full-time public defender will take office. This innovation, initiated by William W. Greenhalgh, a student of criminal law and president of the county council, is designed to fill the need so keenly evident in the Giles case, the lack of investigative resources in indigents' cases.

The county's police force is all-white as it was back in 1961, but that will almost certainly change before the end of the year. Maryland's antiquated rule requiring juries to assess the law as well as the facts is to be eliminated with a new constitution this summer. Criminal proceedings in Montgomery County and the State of Maryland are finally catching up with the twentieth century. The Giles case helped.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rhodesia Beats the Rap

JOHN D. KIRWAN

When on November 11, 1965, the Rhodesian government of Prime Minister Ian Smith broke away from Great Britain, its Unilateral Declaration of Independence was roundly denounced by just about everyone. At the urging of the British, the United Nations passed two resolutions: a routine condemnation of UDI, and a demand that all states break off economic relations with the "illegal régime" to bring Rhodesia to its knees. World opinion and the New York *Times* were very pleased with all this and everyone kept telling each other that the Smith government was doomed. As it turned out, things weren't that simple.

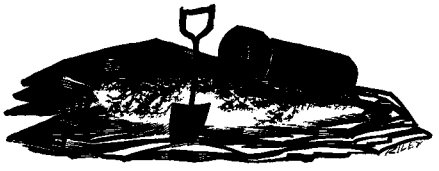
A blockaded country has two obvious worries: imports and exports. Of the first, oil is the most important to Rhodesia. The country has almost none at all, and the sanctionists at the United Nations assumed that its economy would die of thirst. Thanks to the co-operativeness of the Portuguese and South African governments and the incuriosity of several others, such has been far from the case.

Crude oil from the Middle East is sold to refineries in Durban and the Mozambiquan port of Lourenço Marques, which although externally owned are controlled by local directors. The refineries convert it to usable oil and gasoline and sell it to private dealers, who then transport it to Rhodesia, where it is bought by the government purchasing agent and resold to neighborhood retailers.

It is estimated that four hundred railway cars of oil per month are shipped westward to Rhodesia on the line from the Mozambiquan port of Beira. The fact that the railroad runs through Malawi (the first black African state to have diplomatic relations with South Africa and Portugal) seems to present no problems.

Actually, hardly anybody has problems. Japan's exports to Rhodesia for the first quarter of 1967 were up thirty-eight per cent over those of 1966, Holland's forty-nine per cent, West Germany's sixty-four per cent. The Bonn government announced it would—in harmony with world opinion—impose sanctions, but with the proviso that "long-term contracts" would be honored. (Farsighted negotiation quickly became the vogue.) Yugoslavia has increased its Rhodesian trade for the same period by sixty-nine per cent (if Tito practiced what he preaches, he would have gone broke years ago); France's trade has risen a whopping two hundred per cent (one in the eye for *les Anglais*!); and Portugal enjoys a comfortable 350 per cent increase. And the British? Rhodesian Deputy Prime Minister John Wrathall has estimated that for the first seven months of 1967, British exports to Rhodesia totaled over $16 million—twice the amount for the whole of 1966. The British dispute the percentages but not the trade.

As for exports, Rhodesia has six basic ones: tobacco, sugar, asbestos, copper, chrome, and iron. (It also mines the rare mineral lithium —a commodity badly needed by the U.S. space program, which gets enough and no questions asked how, if you please.) Rhodesia is selling just about all its asbestos and copper, half its iron ore, and one-third of the chrome and tobacco. Only



with ubiquitous sugar does it seem to be doing poorly. But though Rhodesia exported approximately $300 million worth of goods in 1967, its customers will admit to receiving only some $150 million.

What is happening to the remainder is a story out of the pages of Ian Fleming. When twenty thousand tons of chrome ore arrived in Japan from South Africa last August, the British government lodged a protest (its twenty-seventh in six months over "Rhodesian" exports) and followed it up with a little metallurgical James Bonding. Their agents got hold of an analysis of the ore that stated it was unlike any ever found in South Africa and instead was remarkably characteristic of Rhodesian chrome. The Japanese Foreign Office passed the protest on to their Ministry of International Trade and Industry, which promptly informed the British that since the chrome had South African certificates of origin, it must have come from South Africa.

Of all the Rhodesian exports, the disposal of copper provides the best example of how sanctions are undercut. Before November, 1965, nearly all Rhodesian copper—eighteen thousand tons a year—was handled by the British-based firm of MTD Copper Sales, Ltd. A few months before the sanctions, the company completely reorganized, appointing a West German agent in Johannesburg and signing "long-term" contracts with European refineries in Wilhelmsburg (Germany) and Hoboken (Belgium).

The copper in question is refined in Rhodesia, exported to Mozambique and thence to Antwerp and Hamburg, from where it is sent to the plants in Wilhelmsburg and Hoboken and *re*-refined. After all that, who is to say where it comes from? This method of doing business was worth some $11 million in 1966.

Sub-Zambezi Africa is more and more a land of curious coincidences. The nations and territories of southern Africa are growing close economically (though not politically); indeed, a sort of common market is in the offing. The Black African mini-states of the area recognize (as do the whites) the economic necessity of getting along with their neighbors. In Salisbury, Smith is firmly in control, having thwarted the extremes of the instant universal democracy theoreticians and the pro-apartheid segment in his own Rhodesian Front party. The gross national product, which declined slightly in 1966 and then rose by 3.4 per cent in 1967, is expected to go up another four or five per cent in 1968. After Britain devalued the pound, Smith not only affirmed Rhodesia's economic strength in maintaining the value of its money but even offered Britain "a helping hand in her present difficulty."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the Brandy Still

IVO ANDRIC

MORE THAN eleven years had passed since that afternoon in Rome when Fra Marko, a student of divinity from Bosnia, was led out with other students for a walk on the Via Nomentana. They were to be shown the catacombs of St. Agnes. It was an afternoon in the feverish and sultry Roman spring, full of dust, the scent of pines, and stark light. Fruit trees were in bloom, and Fra Marko yearned more than ever for his native Bosnia and for his own people.

One entered the catacombs through the church itself, which was moldy and poor. The lay brother who acted as their guide was sullen, for he could expect no tips. The catacombs were much smaller and more run down than the great catacombs of St. Callisto on the Via Appia. Yet they too held cleverly arranged surprises that fascinated the visitor. In one of the empty tombs there burned, above some crossed bones, a tiny antique lamp of red clay that threw a clear light on a golden medallion the size of a ducat. On the medallion was the head of a young man, with his name engraved underneath, and all around the head, like an aureole, was written in clear, graven letters: *Semper in pace gaudet* ("He rejoices in eternal peace"). Fra Marko tarried by the grave so long that the guide had to call after him, and even scold him.

He never forgot that face in the catacombs. Returning to the city that afternoon and watching the pale lights flicker on in the houses and *trattorias*, ushering in a night life that was unknown to him, he shivered at the thought that those people were unaware of the small underground light and that very probably this same evening they would lose forever the joyous, the only true life of eternity. For several days afterwards he could not eat, he slept badly, his fellow monks struck him as malingerers and slackers, the world at large as abandoned to itself and to all manner of temptations. He even forgot his beloved Bosnia. Later he calmed down somewhat, but there remained within in him a powerful longing—one destined never to leave him again—for all men to realize and feel the disparity between the shortness of life and the eternity of death, as he himself had felt it before the illuminated face of the young man in the catacombs.

Before long, Fra Marko was sent back to Bosnia. Years came and went. Thanks partly to a life filled with hard work and partly to disappointments that came thick and fast, which were bound to mellow even as headstrong a nature as his, Fra Marko's zeal grew, if not tepid, at least less noticeable. In his mind he saw clearly, just as he had on that afternoon on the Via Nomentana, two kinds of life and light—one great and everlasting, and the other small and fleeting; even today, he could still relive that sense of horror at the thought of millions of people who were losing the only real and true life for the sake of this brief and puny one with its wretched delights and possessions. Even now, he still almost choked with the urge to call out to people, to help, to save. Often enough these days as he cast a glance through the window of his cell and saw the fields and the roofs of houses bathed in moonlight under the early frost, there would appear to him, in the place of quiet fields, the whole of God's earth in her breadth and length, her face covered by a rash of towns that were like spots of fire and brands of the Devil. He had seen only Rome, Ancona, and his own Travnik in Bosnia, but he knew well that the earth was full of such towns and his mind's eye seemed to encompass them all at once, to the most distant ones whose names he didn't know. In all of them alike, souls were bent on damnation and men on ruin.

Standing by the window and reluctant to light the candles as yet, Fra Marko lost sight of the darkened hamlets and fields of Kreševo and let his eyes wander instead over the great cities of the world with their streets, gardens, and houses, containing all that the Devil had built as a snare to the vanity, greed, and corruption of men. He compared his own strength with the strength that would be needed to wipe it all from the face of God's earth, from Travnik and Sarajevo to that nameless town that glowed and winked somewhere at the bottom of Europe or of loathsome Asia, where the Devil felt at home. It was a moment in which Fra Marko's yearning to save mankind swelled past all bounds and threatened his peace of mind, when this vicar of Kreševo, forgetting who

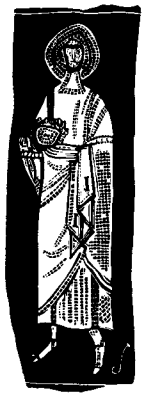
© 1968 Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was, settled accounts between the two worlds, one of all creatures and things, the other of their Creator. He was so overcome by compassion that he identified himself completely with the man from the cities who sinned and destroyed himself, and turned against Him who permitted this to happen. The terrible thought occurred to Fra Marko—not for the first time either—that the Devil's and God's own were not clearly and fairly divided, that it was impossible to know, indeed that no one could tell, how great was the power of either or where exactly was the boundary between them.

He shut his eyes, in which the fires of all the world's cities were still blazing and turning into angry and helpless tears. Little by little, the thought that had begun as a reproach and a protest weakened and became transformed into prayer. Fra Marko ardently implored God to draw the line between Himself and the Devil, to show Himself more distinctly to man, who otherwise was bound to perish among the snares.

Besides such nights when Fra Marko was racked by doubts and ended by seeking comfort in prayer, there were others—much more frequent—when, exhausted by the day's labors, he would flop onto his bed with an utterly empty mind and instantly fall asleep like a child after his bath. For side by side with his secret desire to save mankind, which was uppermost in his thoughts and emotions and which, given his kind of innocence, was a substitute for those hundreds of petty and deep cravings, longings, and ambitions which preoccupied other people, there also burned in Fra Marko the farmer's passion for land and gainful work, and this drove him irresistibly to maintain and expand the monastery lands, to use cunning when necessary, to short-change the Turkish authorities and dicker with peasants over their erratic tithe. In his absorption with these things, days, months, and years slipped by imperceptibly. The plums yielded a crop on an average of every other year; corn and wheat were a thing of chance; potatoes did well only every third season. There were some years that Fra Marko would long remember either because they were exceptionally fruitful or exceptionally poor, and afterwards when another very good or very bad year came around he would start confusing it with the last similar one. And so everything finally became



indistinguishable in this struggle with the soil and its fruit. Since the soil was greater, mightier, and more enduring than a man's life, he increasingly steeped and lost himself in it.

The last few years, however, had not been lucky for Fra Marko. Mishaps and disappointments, little and big, seemed to multiply. The year just passed had ended with a hail, and with his imprisonment at the hands of Fazul, the Vizier's deputy at Travnik. Earlier this year, he had gone up the mountain to receive a strange and disturbing confession from a dying bandit. And during this summer yet another thing had happened to unsettle him and leave him bemused for months to come.

The daughter of one Marko Barbarez from Sarajevo had decided to become a convert to Islam in order to marry a Turk. Not the protests and tears of her parents nor the concerted efforts of the Sarajevo brothers could budge her from her decision. On the eve of the day when the girl was supposed to appear before the local Turkish judge and declare that she wished to become a Muslim of her own free will, the brothers, in connivance with the parents, packed her into a carriage and, by trick and force, bundled her off to Kreševo, where the Turks would not look for her. Two men and an old woman all but carried the girl into the monastery. Brother Superior did not wish to see her. Some of the other brothers tried to dissuade her from converting but even threats availed them nothing.

The girl stood in a corner in the small, thick-walled room on the ground floor that housed old books, saddles, and monastery tools. With her hands clasped in front of her, her gaze fixed on the floor, her face mottled with the flush of excitement, she listened unmoved to the arguments, advice, promises, and threats of the brothers, who harangued her in turn or sometimes in teams of two or three. Hoarse with anger at such obstinacy, Fra Peter shouted: "Call Fra Marko! Let him thrash the she-dog until he gets through to her soul!"

A little later Fra Marko barged into the room carrying a dry dogwood switch in his hand. When he saw the girl, he halted in astonishment. Having heard the brothers discuss this would-be Turk the day before, and recalling what they had said a moment ago when they summoned him to come and "talk sense" to her in his own way, he had imagined her to be a tall woman, burly and fierce. Now he saw before him a slender and frail young girl with hands meekly crossed in front of her, but her head held high. The most striking feature of her face were the eyelids, steadfastly lowered, a little slanting and of unequal shape, like two big leaves of slightly different size. He would have felt easier had she been hefty and insolent as he had pictured her.

Fra Peter began once more to urge her to give up the Turk and not bring disgrace upon her parents and her faith, but she remained adamant.

"Look into my eyes, you heathen wretch!" thundered Fra Peter a couple of times, hoping in this way to rattle and humble her more quickly. Each time she raised her lids and fixed her bright young gaze, boldly and without flinching, on the eyes of the blustering yet at heart good-natured Fra Peter. In fact, she did not look into his eyes but at his Venetian reading glasses, whose metal temples were broken and tied on both sides, right above the ear, with a thread. It was to this green thread that her look was directed.

"So now you want a Turk, do

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you?" yelled Fra Peter, disconcerted by her stare and not really expecting an answer to his question.

"Yes, only him," she replied in a quiet and cool voice that was unusual for a girl of her years and in her present situation. It was almost as if another person were speaking through her.

"What? What! You want to become a Muslim too?"

"Yes."

At a loss for words and breathing heavily, Fra Peter was beside himself.

"Fra Marko, let her have it! She's yours!"

The girl put up no resistance; it was as if the whole thing was only a game in which she was an unwilling participant. Her tiny waist disappeared in Fra Marko's great paws. He laid her over his left knee like an unruly child. At the first few stripes she kicked her legs and jerked her head, but then she grew rigid and remained like that, suffering the lashes without a murmur or movement. Had she screamed or struggled, Lord knows how much longer Fra Marko might have whipped her; but now, taken aback by her strange behavior, he dropped his hand and his eyes wheeled uncertainly around the room as if in search of an explanation. The girl lay in his hands like a dead fish. It was only then that he came to himself and became aware of something he had not realized before: the small, hard-nippled breast in his left palm and, under the fingers of his right hand, the girl's belly, flat and hard, unrounded as yet.

HORRIFIED, he pushed her away and ran out of the room, forgetting his dogwood switch and avoiding the eyes of the other brothers. The girl picked herself up slowly and returned to her corner. There she stood quietly, exactly as before save for the twitching of her eyelids, behind which tears must have welled even though her face showed no trace of weeping or contriteness or fear.

She caused the brothers a great deal of trouble. The very next morning her Turkish boy friend arrived and, together with a judge and a constable, led her out of the monastery. Later, at the courthouse, she was asked in front of the judge and Brother Superior whether she was embracing Islam of her own will, and she answered quietly, "Of my own free will."

When they asked her if she wanted to take the young Turk for a husband, she simply, without a word, placed her small hand on his forearm and looked evenly at the judge and at Brother Superior, as though waiting for the next question, unable to understand how they could possibly query her about something so undeniable and so apparent to the whole world. She never told the Turks that she had been whipped in the monastery, and bore herself proudly and well, although she trembled from exhaustion, lack of sleep, and from the beating she had received.

The brothers were ordered to pay a fine; and what was worse, the young bridegroom, to spite them, decided to marry her right away and to hold the wedding celebration there in Kreševo. Next evening, the brothers could see the kindling of festive bonfires on the other bank of the stream and hear the music and cheers of the wedding guests.

Fra Marko closed the window shutters in his cell and lay down on the bed fully dressed, his cowl pulled over his head. But he couldn't help hearing the wedding pipes and tambours, which seemed to throb to the rhythm of the veins in his own temples. All these things spelled only one thing to him: how mighty and hard to understand evil was, how one could sense it everywhere, even in places one would never expect it. How often God forsook his people and abandoned them to evil chance. Here Fra Marko's reveries stopped short and he lay without prayer or thought, waiting till the heathen pipes and drum tattoo spent themselves.

Next day, and for many days afterwards, the monastery was busy with the harvest and Fra Marko found oblivion in work; he no longer speculated about the origin of the world's evil, nor wondered about the hidden mysteries of woman, as he did that night long ago, but was now haunted by a faint and uneasy sense of tolerance, which he had never known before. He slept because he was tired out, and he lost himself in work, but he could not conceal to himself and before the others that he was bewildered and shaken to the bottom of his soul.

The world was without doubt full of evil, and this evil was stronger than he had suspected. Perhaps the evil was every bit as strong as good; possibly even stronger. Here he usually faltered and stoutly pushed such thoughts away. But sometimes they crept back to vex him even when he was at work, when he was least ready for them. He might, for instance, be emptying a sack of plums into a vat and, while still bending over it, freeze suddenly and become lost in thought, then quickly cross himself and flip a helpless hand at this earthly evil, muttering under his breath: "Well, there's as much of it as the Lord saw fit to send down. What can I do about it!"

THE AUTUMN turned out well. The monastery was at ease. Fra Peter was finally made Superior. With his love of jokes and hard work, and his knack for blending goodness with banter, cheerfulness with industry, he conducted the business of the monastery with great skill and success. Writing to the Superior of the Fojnica Monastery, with the request that he send him nine hundred and fifty groschen, which was the portion of the fine incurred by his own establishment in recent weeks, he concluded: "This, Your Reverence, is the net amount of our present damage. We had to pay up to avoid worse evil. Therefore please rush this money, as things are wearing thin at this end. As for your question about Fra Marko, he is alive and in good health. He got over his argument with that Fazul in Travnik last year (true, he had to use compresses for a long time and kept sharpening a stone to kill him), but nowadays he is *valde confusus in animo* [greatly bewildered in his soul] on account of that fiasco of ours with the female Antichrist from Sarajevo. The poor fellow must have realized that not even his switch was of much help. I am worried about him and will try to send him to you on a visit, as *Turcae Crescvienses* [the Turks of Kreševo] seem to have it in for him."

However, Fra Marko would not hear of leaving the monastery and going to Fojnica now when there was so much to do. He spent long

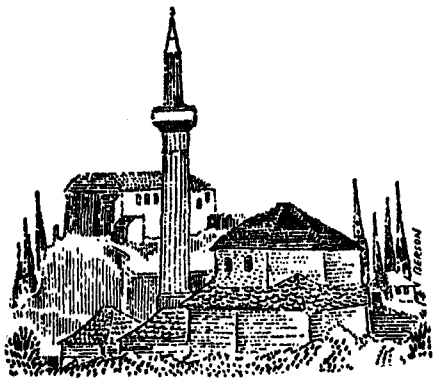
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days in the fields or in the plum orchard, for the minute he came back to the monastery the brothers would tease him, pester him to tell them how he'd wanted to "dissuade" that Sarajevo female from embracing Islam, and he would get angry, call them loafers, and scamper away. The only one who interceded for him was Fra Stephen, an old man of eighty-five. Wizened and in his dotage, without a tooth in his head, hardly more than skin and bone, Fra Stephen seemed to live on snuff alone. From his large chair at the far end of the refectory, he gave Fra Marko to understand, with his hands and eyes, that he was with him against those pranksters, and he even seemed to say something, only his words were drowned in the brothers' roar of laughter.

TOWARD the end of November Fra Marko set up the still and began to make the plum brandy, slivovitz. He had a special helper for the job, one Tanasije Hrišcanin from Visoko. Always sleepy and unwashed, this Tanasije was clumsy, heavy-footed, and a half-wit, but unusually deft with the still. He made plum brandy for everyone in the district, yet when Fra Marko would call him, he would drop everything and come. The friendship with Tanasije also made Fra Marko the butt of many jokes from the brothers. In reality, the pair of them hardly exchanged a civil word, but wrangled around the still from the first day to the last, through the smoke and the sparks, their eyes tearing, covered in soot, wet and dirty from the clay that was used to line the still retort. But they could not have done without each other.

As soon as the brandy stilling began, Turkish visits to the monastery became more frequent. The smell of the "twice burned" also attracted Kezmo, a janissary who had once escorted the Eighth Regiment of the Vizier's Mamelukes into town. For the last several years, this Kezmo had been getting ready to go to war, but in fact did all his fighting in the various inns and monasteries between Travnik and Sarajevo. Fat and bloated from drink, he could scarcely walk; when he sat down somewhere, he did not rise again until he was carried out. Lately, he'd been keeping company with a certain Mehmedbeg, also a janissary but a true warrior. In his style of dress and in his bearing, which was that of a man who had gone to school and seen something of the world, he was a complete antithesis to the coarse and illiterate Kezmo. What drew them together was drink and wanderlust. In addition to plum brandy, Mehmedbeg also poisoned himself with hashish and poppy seed, which he took in candied fruit and orange peel. This made his hands tremble and gave his face a jaundiced look; the yellow face with its drooping eyelids contrasted strangely with his athletic body.

They asked for a chicken or turkey but contented themselves with a leg of lamb, which Tanasije cut into kebabs and grilled on the open fire beside the still. Having eaten and drunk, Kezmo withdrew into a corner and fell asleep propped against his saddlebag, with a stale chibouk at his side and an empty



brandy cup in his hand, while Mehmedbeg grew more and more wakeful and animated as the night wore on. Leaning on his knapsack, he stared fixedly at the fire, sipped slowly, and, after every other cup of brandy, took from a round copper box a morsel of his beloved drug in candied fruit.

IN VAIN did Fra Marko wait for Mehmedbeg to doze off too. After a while, having refilled the still with fresh plum mash, he sent Tanasije to sleep his turn till midnight, while he kept watch alone to see that the fire didn't go out. He was squatting opposite Mehmedbeg. As the retort had not cooked up yet, the cellar was so quiet that one could hear the soft whistling of Kezmo's gap-toothed mouth in his sleep; Fra Marko began to despair of seeing the second man fall asleep. Mehmedbeg, on the contrary, grew more and more restless. At first he kept humming a mournful Turkish melody through his nose, over and over. (Ever since he had grown up and come into troubled contact with Muslims, Fra Marko had felt a particular hatred for this yen of theirs to hum and wail and whine for hours on end; he saw in it a distinct symptom, as it were, of their restiveness and damnation.) Later, with much flipping of his hands, the Turk began to philosophize and hold forth, like a man whose body was unsound but whose heart was brimming over, who must speak out on anything that strikes his fancy, just as he hums the first tune that comes into his head.

"Hey, padre, padre, you work so much and fuss over the still. And what is it? Just brandy—you drink it up, get a hangover, and that's that. No use slaving over it. Drink as long as you can, die when you have to, that's all there is to it."

To avoid getting into a conversation, Fra Marko set about kneading the wet clay for the next lot of mash. He worked on and didn't lift his head, yet couldn't restrain himself entirely and answered in a quiet voice, between pumping movements of his upper body:

"No use, eh? If I didn't slave over it, what would you drink and how would you let the world know of your wisdom?"

The Turk neither listened nor heard him, but went on.

"Padre, you don't know anything. You are ignorant, that's what. If you'd only feasted your eyes on beauty as I have! But how could you? You don't use your eyes except to lift a piece of food to your mouth and find a door."

"It's good to know you use them better. You've seen some marvels, I don't doubt."

"Don't get angry, friend, but that's how it is. With the Cross in front of your nose, what could you see? Cross, and more Cross. And there are things to see, my poor friend, I tell you."

Fra Marko cleared his throat and pummeled the clay irritably, clamping his jaws tight so as not

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to emit a curse. The Turk softened his tone and went on in a kind of trance, speaking almost to himself.

"There's a garden up there in Belgrade, where you go down to the Danube from the Gate. I don't know the gardens of Paradise, but on this earth, I swear, no one has that kind of shade, those flowers, those fountains and brooks. There, my friend, lives a lonely old man with his widowed daughter. That old man carried the Sultan's medal around his neck five times in as many wars. And she . . . ? The doors of her house are closed to suitors. Her husband died in the war. Vanished, no less. Perished! And when they badger the old man to give her away, he tells them: 'It's her sorrow, let her say the word.' And do you know what her word is? Here!"

At that he pulled out from his leather belt some kind of a roll in which there was an embroidered handkerchief, and pointing at the fine work, described it to himself.

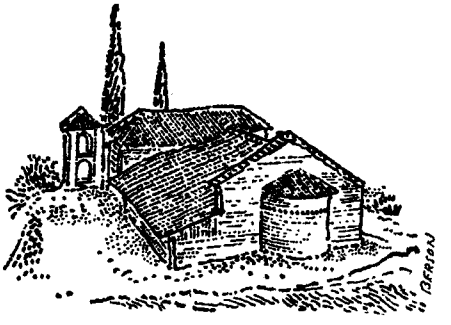
"Here—three lemons and a dead leaf. Meaning: 'I pine away because you don't come. O God! Better not come!' O padre, padre!"

His head thrown back, he kept repeating the last word and bit his lips as if trying to restrain his voice. His bare neck seemed to grow longer, swollen and yellow, unusually muscular and exactly as wide as his head. At last he fell silent, evidently realizing how improper it was to speak to these things, and before an infidel at that. Yet his urge to talk was stronger than he; and he started off again, only this time not about the woman.

"A dark thing, the Cross. All that makes the sign of the Cross is dark. For a thousand years you churn this darkness and still it's nothing. You never take your eyes off the Cross, so it serves you right. You're against God's bounty—against woman, a creature of God. What's one to do! Baptized folk, blind folk, blighted folk!" He said it slowly, almost sadly, not to Fra Marko but as if into the distance, as if looking at those who dragged the Cross behind them, blind to everything that was bright and worthwhile in this world.

Fra Marko involuntarily lifted his gaze from his work and studied the Muslim. That head thrown back, the pasty face with its green shadows, the inflamed eyes, all put him in mind of something distant and exalted: of the head of a saint he had seen in a painting in one of the churches in Rome. No matter how much he tried to resist the comparison, which upset him, it came back to his mind and took hold of it irresistibly, like a temptation. It was the head of an unknown saint and martyr: the same rapture, the same burning eyes and expression of exalted pain. And to make the temptation complete, this head so reminiscent of a saint was now mouthing shameful, distressing, and blasphemous things. All this struck Fra Marko as a hideous dream full of contradictions.

He shut his eyes not to see him. In the crimson twilight in which



he suddenly found himself, a yellow pool swayed before him, like the glow of the taper in the catacombs, and the pool contained the blurred male profile around which he had tried in vain to decipher the halo-like legend. Bemused by that light, he forgot the two Turks beside him in the cellar, but as soon as he opened his eyes, he was again confronted with Mehmedbeg's powerful head. Watching it and hearing unwittingly what it was saying, Fra Marko felt lost, bewildered and small; if he had had to answer at that moment, he would not have dared or known how. The strange heathen would have had the last word.

The Turk went on talking like a man whose fancy was running away with him. His features, worn and sallow, looked even more bloodless in the strong light of the fire, his lips bluer, his mustache sparse and dull. But his eyes were round, wise, and profound, full of a glow, both from the still fire and from another, more intense one that radiated out of him. On the other side of the room, illuminated no less brightly, shone Fra Marko's face, glistening with sweat, round-cheeked and redder than usual; his childishly blue eyes, with barely a touch of dark in their pupils, pale and almost blended into his skin.

They sat facing one another, each sunk in his own thoughts, the entranced Turk and the troubled brother, until Kezmo began to stir and cough fitfully. Yawning and blinking in bad humor, he got up and came to the still, then sat down and asked for water. He yawned on and on, his tongue and palate afire from spicy food and too much brandy. Sleep had apparently not sobered him. He lighted his chibouk and with the same tongs he had used to pick up the ember began to poke absently around the still, scraping the clay that lined the retort. Fra Marko glanced at him a few times out of the corners of his eyes, but Kezmo went on cracking the baked clay piece by piece. Fra Marko burst out, as only a man busy with his work can do:

"Leave it alone, man! Don't you see you'll make a leak and spoil all this mash!"

Whereupon the drunk, like a spiteful child, brandished the tongs and scraped one side of the lid clean of the clay. There was a hiss of steam from under the lid and at the same instant Fra Marko, whose blood had rushed to his head, yelled out:

"Son of a Vandal, do you want to ruin all the work and trouble I've put into it!"

Saying this, he picked up a raw, barely charred log of wood from his side of the fire, swung it up, and, in his rage apparently heedless of what he was doing, started toward Kezmo. The Turk, who still held the tongs in his left hand, reached with his right into his waist belt, pulled out a short-barreled rifle, a puny and insignificant-looking thing like a leg of spring lamb, and fired straight into Fra Marko's stomach. Hit at almost point-blank range, the monk jerked upright to his full height and shook his bushy head twice, as if motioning to someone in the back of the room; then all at once he

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUTS

They're priceless. Without them a magazine (like a man) is just a shell.

THE REPORTER digs for facts, culls yards of reports, sorts out the trivial, clarifies, places in perspective, then prints the *real* story, and *damn the repercussions* . . . full speed ahead!

Intellectual honesty and courage are rare commodities. And as this issue of THE REPORTER proves, they provide solid, informative, colorful reading.

"Your magazine has offered many provocative articles on subjects people should be provoked about, and by including meaningful background in its discussion of timely subjects has given readers a broad view of current events."—

SENATOR CLIFFORD P. CASE (R.)

"Yours is a great magazine. I find it invaluable because the articles are timely, yet invariably based on careful analysis and research. No other magazine achieves this feat as consistently as does yours."—

SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON (D.)

1¢ a Day

That's all it costs a trial subscriber to read THE REPORTER regularly. Actually, the price is *less than* a penny a day; *just $3.50* for a full year (24 issues). The postpaid card opposite (sent *without* money, if you like) will bring you the writings of Max Ascoli, George Bailey, Meg Greenfield, Henry A. Kissinger, Edmond Taylor, Denis Warner, Claire Sterling. . . .

If you are presently a REPORTER subscriber, use the card to introduce a well-intentioned friend to this worthwhile, fortnightly reading experience.

A Note to Comparison Shoppers

Regular rates for THE REPORTER are—1 year $7, 2 years $11, 3 years $14. (Add $1 per year for foreign postage, 50¢ annually for Canada and Pan American Union.)

THE REPORTER/660 MADISON AVENUE/NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collapsed with his whole weight against the still he had tried to protect. The mash poured out over the flames with a loud hiss and the fire began to gutter. Mehmedbeg, who had meanwhile come to himself, helped the bulky Kezmo to his feet. Fra Marko writhed on the ground and tore wordlessly at his habit so that the buttons snapped.

Thoughts flashed through his head with the speed of lightning. Evil was all-powerful. If only his tongue were not so numb, he might have shouted something, anything. But he couldn't. A pounding and a reddish half-light split his head. He kept thinking, O God, they've killed me! They struck me with all their force, here in the middle. The blow will ravage and burn everything. Into your hands, O Lord. It's the end of everything! Everything. What a terrible pity! And darkness invaded his mind with a rush.

The liquid from the still soon quenched the fire. The cellar grew darker and darker.

It was quite some time before the brothers, awakened by the shooting, dared come into the cellar. The Turks had gone away. Fra Marko was dying. They all skipped around him, upset and horrified. In the middle of the floor stood Tanasije, who had run up after the shooting; awake at last, he rolled his big frightened eyes around him. The monks pushed past him; some went to fetch bandages and medicines, others tried to stanch the blood gushing out of the wounded man. Fra Peter was on his knees by Fra Marko's head; having slid his left hand under the latter's sweat-covered neck, he held his right hand with his own right. A lay brother was kneeling on the other side with a tall candle in his hand.

Fra Marko could not speak, for his mouth was full of blood, but his eyes stared in a kind of extreme and pained astonishment into the very pupils of Brother Superior. At a question from the Superior, he batted his eyes to signify that he was repenting his sins, then turned his worried gaze once more to the overturned still and the dead fire, and gave up his ghost.

For a long time after Fra Marko's death the monastry could not get over its consternation and dread, nor resume its old life. Depending on their age and temperament, the brothers wept or cursed and ground their teeth, or else prayed with their heads buried in their hands.

Fra Ivan, who had once deputized for Fra Marko in Rome, noted in Latin in the Death Register—in which every brother's death and his main virtues were recorded—that on December 2 that year the monastery vicar, Fra Marko, had died a martyr's death, and that the killer was "a certain very bad Turk known as Kezmo." And since the departed had enjoyed no rank or honors in the order and had not been a scholar or a man of outstanding piety, and for that matter had not possessed any special talents, Fra Ivan merely added: *Requiescat in pace!*

But old Fra Stephen, who hardly ever slept, was in the habit of getting up in the middle of the night and setting straight some things done in the daytime which went against his grain but which he was powerless to prevent or change. Although they had forbidden him to do it, and hid the books and papers from him, he found the Death Register one night as he prowled about the monastery. He crossed out the frosty Latin prose of Fra Ivan and with a shaky hand, in Old Church script, wrote in the margin of Fra Marko's obituary in barely legible letters:

"He loved the monastery as his own soul. Let that be known!"

Carmen Miranda

Backstage, eating bananas
with Carmen Miranda, she offers me
her hat. I thank her and take
a bunch of purple grapes, 3 hardboiled
eggs, a muskmelon and four
ears of corn. She says, Frank,

it wasn't always this way.
There were lean years in Madrid, Marseilles,
Cuernavaca, when dancing didn't pay
and my dear hats went unrefrigerated.
Fruit can be expensive to a poor girl . . .
Anyway, I danced as best I could
with pears, beans, and tangerines shaped
from wax or wood, but it wasn't
the same. You know what they say about
the heart that wears a false face
and vice versa, but why go into it?
It's enough to say I suffered
to dance with no hat at all. Better that
than a cheap imitation! Darling,
try a quince. Persimmons? Have a cumquat!
But, the disgrace of those days
forced me to sing as an escape. And now
my hats and I sing and dance, and do well.
Oh, there are times I feel the fruit
salad is, well, ridiculous; but it's the thing
I do best, if you know what I mean . . .

Before I left, I kissed her
on the cheek, and said, I'm no spokesman
but I think we'll always love you for it . . .
And back on the streets that night
I split the sky with cherry pits.

—Frank Polite

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without That Spark

GERALD WEALES

Zoe Caldwell has become one of the best eccentric actresses in the business. As long ago as 1963, in the initial season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, her Frosine in *The Miser* was a gem of exuberant sputter, an explosively delightful caricature, reminiscent of Ruth Gordon in *The Matchmaker*. Two years ago, her Polly in *The Gnädiges Fräulein* was an angular and animated puppet, so precise and so precisely funny that her performance alone should have been enough to keep Tennessee Williams's *Slapstick Tragedy* alive. Now, as the titular heroine of Jay Allen's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie,* she has belatedly been discovered by Broadway. Her performance is a remarkable one, but that compliment has a barb in it—a performance to remark and to remark upon, to admire but not to be moved by.

The first impact of Miss Caldwell's Miss Brodie is tremendous. The character, after all, is the one butterfly among moths, a patch of flamboyance in otherwise drab surroundings, standing out sharply against a background of schoolgirls and conventional teachers. Miss Caldwell has devised an inventory of physical mannerisms to emphasize that separation—an oblique tilt of the head, a turning lift that suggests an overbred Afghan; a deceptively soft way of moving, particularly in front of her class, that hints at a flowing stream and is more like a river intent on finding its way into every channel; most of all, a carefully designed step, the foot at an angle and coming down ever so lightly, as though she were Venus boarding an unsteady clamshell, an obvious contrast to the schoolgirl shuffle and the no-nonsense stride of the headmistress. Then there is the voice, which can caress or ice over, can take in or dismiss, can go its apparently innocuous way until it suddenly swoops down, dropping several registers, and catches the audience by the throat. This is a Miss Brodie as clean and clear as a Mary Petty drawing, but Mary Petty's ladies are delightful without being quite real and we don't have to stay with them for two and a half unchanging hours.

As Sandy, Miss Brodie's disciple and antagonist, grows up, she begins —or says she does—to grow tired of Miss Brodie, but that does not mean that Miss Caldwell need become tiresome as well. Yet she does. In the second act, there is no modulation in the character, not even the shift into pathos that Mrs. Allen's rather strange treatment of Muriel Spark's novel might have commanded. There is simply the same bag of tricks, differently paced for new effects. Toward the end of the play, when it becomes clear that the seemingly indestructible Miss Brodie cannot remain forever in her prime, there is a moment in which the magnificent step is used once again; the ankle turns slowly and the foot comes down gently so that nothing will break but the heart of the audience.

At that moment, blind to Miss Brodie, I was absorbed in the skill of Miss Caldwell. "I have to watch my technique," she told Rex Reed in a New York *Times* interview, "or it will push my character off the stage." I found myself thinking of Caldwell performances other than those with which I opened this review—her Ophelia, stalking like a hockey captain; her Natasha in *The Three Sisters,* moving in on the Prozoroffs as though she were Edward G. Robinson taking over the South Side of Chicago. There is a range of characterization that Zoe Caldwell has never achieved, at least not in the performances I have seen. But give her a vivid cartoon and she can realize it with élan and force. This is her Miss Brodie, and, at least for a good part of the play, it is a pleasure to watch.

It would be unfair to lay the second-act problems of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* at Miss Caldwell's well-controlled feet. It is simply that Mrs. Allen, in attempting to adapt an unusual novel, has tried to solve her difficulties by turning it into a very conventional play. About all that remains of Muriel Spark's work are some of her funniest lines and a reminiscent suggestion of her original characters. The main figure in the novel is Sandy, the most devoted of the Brodie set, who grew up to "betray" Miss Brodie and to become Sister Helena, the author of an important psychological work, *The Transfiguration of the Commonplace.*

Given the title of that book and Sandy's tendency to invent fantasies in which she is the leading character, the book suggests that Miss Brodie is in part Sandy's invention. In the determinedly proper Marcia Blaine School, Miss Brodie is obviously an exotic. She is, however, not all that unusual. She may be the only one at Marcia Blaine, but she is certainly not the only spinster in Edinburgh made eccentric (or romantic, depending on the angle from which you view her) by an active curiosity, a respect for the arts, shifting puritanism, physical desire, self-reliance, and circumstances. The girls she draws around her are "the crème de la crème" only by her definition; although most of them are good students, it is not their minds, as the presence of the stupid Mary MacGregor shows, but their separateness that draws them to Miss Brodie. Unable simply to outgrow Miss Brodie as the other girls do, Sandy has to destroy the figure that, in accepting, she helps to create. As apolitical as Miss Brodie, she uses the teacher's romantic attraction to fascism to do her in ("I'm not really interested in world affairs, only in putting a stop to Miss Brodie"). Ironically, since this is Miss Spark, Sandy (whose family name is Stranger) goes on to become Sister Helena of the Transfiguration and to admit

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the greatest influence of her school days was "a Miss Jean Brodie in her prime."

Mrs. Allen has made a conventional sibling-rivalry play of Miss Spark's oblique comedy. The Sandy of the play, hurt that Miss Brodie does not sufficiently recognize her, betrays her in a mood of self-righteousness which later, as Sister Helena, taught humility by a visiting American journalist, she recognizes as a fresh bid for attention. The imposition of so dully pat a story on the Spark skeleton is hard enough to take, but it is made less attractive by the shifts that Mrs. Allen is forced into in an attempt to make the essentially undramatic novel work on stage. Practically nothing happens in the novel; the major confrontations are avoided, revelations are only hinted, and even the things that do occur—such as the firing of Miss Brodie—are pushed into a few sentences, as bland as afterthoughts. Mrs. Allen substitutes big scenes in which Miss Brodie can triumph over the headmistress, can refuse the love of Teddy Lloyd, can face the accusing Sandy. Miss Brodie, if she is real, should not and, if she is Sandy's creation, could not be put through such shallow dramatic games. *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* on stage is, at best, a comic character sketch in the manner of the late Ruth Draper, but it wants to be a play; the central character, unable to do a simple monologue, is forced into a great deal of plot-heavy busywork that neither Mrs. Allen nor Miss Caldwell ever makes quite believeable.

If Zoe Caldwell comes to Broadway as a surprise, Albert Finney, starring in Peter Nichols's *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, arrives with his theatrical personality intact. Charming and a little sullen, self-pitying but with a joke on his lips, lazily sensuous, Finney has already established that figure in films from *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* to *Two for the Road*; even *Tom Jones* and *Luther*, which he did on Broadway, are only variations on the standard type—the little-boy-lost that has been haunting the English stage and screen since Jimmy Porter whined his way to fame in John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. This time, the beset young man is the father of a ten-year-old spastic child, a living vegetable, and husband to a woman who loves the child as she loves the goldfish, the parakeet, and the cats, bodies from which she expects minimal return. At the end of the play, tired of being simply another of her menagerie and having failed in a halfhearted attempt to kill the child, he walks out on the zoo, presumably to make a life (sardonically unhappy, I suppose) for himself in London. In telling his story, Nichols switches from domestic quarrel-love scenes in the style of *Look Back in Anger* (alas, without Osborne's gift for invective) to open-frame bits in which the characters talk directly to the audience, doing expositional comic turns (mother to doctor, for instance), cued in by an on-stage combo. Although there are a few effective scenes (as when the parents, carrying the uncomprehending child in their arms, sing a Christmas carol), some solid character observation (the funny banality of the mother-in-law), and a number of good performances (Zena Walker is particularly fine as the wife), *Joe Egg* comes across as a thin run-through of conventional English material. It is unusual only in the presence of the child, but the play is never really about the problem of having such a child. It is the old post-Kingsley Amis ain't-it-awful provincial malaise, and the little girl, neither cause nor excuse, is finally irrelevant.

Molto Cantabile

ROLAND GELATT

Although vocal recitals appear to be dying out in the concert hall, they continue to flourish on records. Mostly these recorded miscellanies are humdrum grab-bags of assorted songs or arias, thrown together to feed the egos of singers and (hopefully) to delight their fans. But occasionally one finds a recital disc that serves a genuine artistic purpose and challenges a singer beyond the call of routine duty.

A prime example is the recent collection of "Verdi Rarities," in which the soprano Montserrat Caballé performs scenes from seven all but forgotten operas (RCA Victor 2995, stereo or mono). To begin with, the repertoire is not only unfamiliar but also consistently attractive. All of it is derived from Verdi's so-called "galley years"—the period before *Rigoletto* when the composer was getting on-the-job training by turning out new operas at breakneck speed. These works were once dismissed as unworthy of our enlightened attention. Brockway and Weinstock in *The World of Opera* damn them with faint praise, and even so sympathetic a Verdian as Francis Toye seems strangely taken by surprise whenever he runs across a meritorious passage. Now these early operas are enjoying a belated reappraisal. The Metropolitan has mounted new productions of *Nabucco, Ernani, Macbeth,* and *Luisa*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miller, the four works generally regarded as representing the best of Verdi's "galley" period, and others are sporadically revived elsewhere.

Caballé's record begins with *Un Giorno di regno,* Verdi's disastrously received second opera, and ends with *Aroldo,* stopping en route at *I Lombardi, I Due Foscari, Alzira, Attila,* and *Il Corsaro.* Even the names of these long-forgotten pieces quicken the pulse, and fortunately there is not a disappointing track on the disc. The more I hear early Verdi, the more I come to realize how badly underrated he is. To be sure, the melodies are not as distinctive or as psychologically apt as in the later operas, but they are already saturated with power and passion, and they wear extremely well. Moreover, it is fascinating to find intimations of the mature Verdi rising to the surface. Odabella's aria from Act I of *Attila,* for example, looks forward to the scented mystery of the Nile Scene in *Aïda,* and its soulful introduction carries unmistakable premonitions of *La Traviata.* Yet it is unfair to suggest that early Verdi is of consequence only as it anticipates later Verdi. These seven arias are thoroughly absorbing on their own, though it is entirely possible that they are not typical of the operas as a whole.

The performances help considerably to put this music in a good light. Montserrat Caballé is in glorious form. Her ability to give point to a phrase by subtle gradations of tone and dynamics is impressively in evidence, and the magnificent reedy timbre of her voice has never been captured so well. This is great singing. She is well served by Anton Guadagno's cleanly articulated, rhythmically precise accompaniments and by RCA's ultra-spacious sound.

FROM the Soviet Union comes a bouquet of Russian opera arias and romances performed by the basso Boris Shtokolov (Melodiya/Angel 40038, stereo only). Here the repertoire is not quite as unusual or engrossing, but the spectacular vocalism more than makes amends. Shtokolov has been a member of the Kirov Opera in Leningrad for nine years and clearly merits a place in the pantheon of great Russian bassos. Is it climate, diet, or chromosomes that account for these deep, rolling, syrupy voices? Whatever the answer, Shtokolov represents the species at its best. Interpretively, he is a bit bland and relies too much on beautifully projected tones to carry the day. But with tones like his, who cares? The side devoted to opera arias is notable for a perplexingly variant version of the Clock Scene from Mussorgsky's *Boris* (about this the annotations tell us nothing) and for a moving excerpt, "Forgive me, native land," from Ivan Dzerzhinsky's recent *A Man's Destiny.* On the reverse we have five darkling accounts of how cruel and sad life can be, complete with throbbing balalaikas in the background. A little of this lugubrious Russian *Kitsch* goes a long way, but again the singing is hard to resist.

REGINE CRESPIN, a sovereign Tosca and Sieglinde, might appear miscast in the delicate song literature of Schumann and Wolf, Debussy and Poulenc, but in this case appearances would be deceiving. A new Crespin recital record devoted to these composers (London 26043, stereo; 36043, mono) is an extraordinary success. Miss Crespin is not obliged to rely on artifice or mannerisms to make her interpretative points. Her range, control, and sureness of pitch are such that she can communicate the mood and thrust of a song by the purest of musical means. Not even an artist of her qualifications can do much with Schumann's sterile *Poems of Mary Stuart,* but she deals masterfully with the songs of Hugo Wolf. Hearing her classically sculptured account of *Das verlassene Mägdlein* brings back memories of Elena Gerhardt and Elisabeth Rethberg in the old Wolf Society sets. On the second side, Miss Crespin turns to Debussy's *Trois Chansons de Bilitis* and an assortment of Poulenc. In this repertoire we have grown accustomed to the style of the *diseuse*—half singing, half declaiming on pitch. There is nothing at all wrong with this approach, but it is salutary for a change to hear every note sung at full value, particularly in fast patter songs like Poulenc's *Les gars qui vont à la fête.* John Wustman accompanies admirably throughout.

FINALLY, Janet Baker. She has risen so far as well as fast on the musical horizon that she probably needs no identification, but just in case you haven't heard, Miss Baker is an English mezzo-soprano who sings everything—oratorio, opera, song—and sings it all magnificently. With good reason she is often compared to the late Kathleen Ferrier: not only does she have the same creamy tone and pliancy of phrase, but even more important she communicates the same feeling of complete dedication and commitment. No matter what she sings, Janet Baker persuades you that she really cares.

Her first solo recital record is entitled "A Treasury of English Songs, 1597-1961" (Angel 35456, stereo only). On the first side, accompanied variously by lute, harpsichord, and viola da gamba, she gives us a bird's-eye view of English song up to the mid-eighteenth century. Actually, Purcell's "Lord What Is Man?" is more of a miniature cantata than a song, with its rhetorical recitative, flowing aria, and coloratura "Hallelujahs." Janet Baker sings it superbly, and she is equally impressive in the gossamer-light runs of Campion's "Fain Would I Wed" and the dulcet serenity of Arne's "Where the Bee Sucks." The second side starts in the late nineteenth century with Stanford and Parry and goes up to the present. Here the ubiquitous Gerald Moore takes over as accompanist, with predictably harmonious results. It would be overstating things to suggest that the Messrs. Warlock, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, and Britten contributed any masterpieces to the song literature, but there is an undeniable charm in their folksy, modal idiom, and the Baker-Moore performances are as close to perfection as we are likely to get.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Making *What?*

ANDREW M. GREELEY

MAKING IT, by Norman Podhoretz. *Random House. $6.95.*

For a long time it has been no secret that there is a (mostly Jewish) "establishment" in New York which effectively arbitrates the taste of upper-middlebrow Americans (heavily Jewish). While Richard Rovere, with tongue in cheek most of the time, chronicled long ago the story of the political "establishment," no one has provided similar details of its literary counterpart until Norman Podhoretz arrived on the scene (alas, with his tongue everywhere but in his cheek). *Making It* is neither a *Dunciad* nor an *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* and Podhoretz is neither Pope nor Byron; but the book is at least a tale of Success and the Singular Man, and the author must be conceded minimally the role of the Paul Hornung of the New York literary scene. Whether he has been more of a "success" than the Golden Boy of the Green Bay Packers depends, one supposes, on one's judgment of what is success and what is power.

TO GET to the data at once, there are three generations in the "family" (which title Podhoretz uses because the atmosphere is much like that of a Jewish family). The first generation includes Dwight Macdonald and Mary McCarthy in its gentile contingent and Meyer Schapiro, Philip Rahv, Harold Rosenberg, Paul Goodman, Clement Greenberg and Lionel Trilling. Second-generation recruits were Isaac Rosenfeld, Alfred Kazin, Irving Howe, Leslie Fiedler, Daniel Bell, David Bazelon, Robert Warshow, Delmore Schwartz, Nathan Glazer, and Irving Kristol. Only two definite names of the third generation are revealed by Podhoretz—his own and Susan Sontag's, the successor to Mary McCarthy as the Dark Lady of the family. (The rapid rise of these two is attributed by the author with not altogether convincing humility to their appearance at "the right time.")

The family are mostly "literary intellectuals," exercise their influence and power through literary criticism (only a minority have published books and an even smaller minority many books), live on Manhattan Island, are avant-garde in their tastes, and in the 1940's and 1950's were violently anti-Stalinist. Their organs are *Partisan Review, Commentary,* and more recently the *New York Review of Books.* They have kissing cousins at Harvard (Moynihan and Riesman, for example) and other intellectual centers, and during the Camelot years were close to some of the Irish Mafia and their allies. They maintain friendly relationships with the various other establishments concentrated in the New York area—theatre, artistic, publishing—and nervous journalistic co-existence with such peripheral journals as the *New Yorker.* They fight fiercely with each other but resent attacks from outsiders. They were inclined to soft-pedal their Jewishness in the 1930's and 1940's and to emphasize it in the 1950's. They were anti-American, or at least alienated from America until the Second World War, then became pro-American (and in Saul Bellow's case, according to Podhoretz, embarrassingly pro-American) until the death of Kennedy. They are immensely talented, frighteningly erudite, and, one fears, embarrassingly self-conscious. And above all, not only are they "in," but they determine who and what is "in" (and even tell us when being "in" is "out").

PODHORETZ's analysis of the power of the family is penetrating. Modernism gave them their artistic credo, Jewishness (implicit and then explicit) provided their coherence, Lionel Trilling shaped their viewpoint. Anti-Stalinism (for a time) furnished a political ideology, Manhattan Island a strategic location, and the emergence of the upper middlebrow their audience. Without the last factor, the family would have remained merely another precious literary elite, dictating taste to a tiny coterie of admirers. However, universal education and broad college attendance in American society have pushed up a sophisticated group of literary and artistic consumers who not only are capable of understanding and appreciating the most avant of the avant-garde but also are agile enough to keep pace with changing fashions of the avant-garde. Some elite groups have contented themselves with decrying this mass invasion of high culture, but not so the family. Their radicalism and their Jewishness permitted them to be snobbish perhaps, but not *that* snobbish. So, much to their delight, the family found themselves appearing not only in the hated *New Yorker* but also in *Esquire, McCall's, Playboy, Saturday Review,* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Their books, published by prestige firms like Random House and Knopf, hit the best-seller lists and they became national celebrities. The *New York Review of Books* appeared on the scene and almost at once became, in effect, a National Review of Books whose judgments were lapped up by the upper-middlebrow consumers across the land. Podhoretz, shrewdly judging the lay of the land, converted *Commentary* into a journal for the upper middlebrow and tripled its circulation. Literary taste-making, he is telling us, is not only fun; it is profitable.

As I read *Making It* (and the author has recently assured the public that none of the critics has understood what the book says), Podhoretz is arguing that the nationalization of the family's influence is a good thing both for the nation and the family—for the former because its taste has been substantially improved, and for the latter because it has been able to enjoy the rewards of the bitch goddess Success. Turning his own struggle from Brownsville slums to the editorship of *Commentary* at thirty into a parable, he contends that the "dirty little secret" of success ought to be openly acknowledged in the literary world

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just as much as any place else. That he was able to crack into the family by a combination of talent and nerve is merely a sign that any Jewish boy from Brooklyn with talent and nerve can make it in American literary society, and that making it is nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to keep a secret, nothing to make one feel that one has sold out one's artistic ideals. All this and heaven too.

With his basic contention I can only agree. That there are people in Sauk Centre who can appreciate Susan Sontag, is, I suppose, a sign of great progress. That there are literary highbrows who do not feel the need to hide behind a mask of snobbish penury to escape the unwashed masses is also progress. That there is someone who is willing to say "Let's admit that we enjoy being arbiters of national taste" is most certainly progress. Whether, however, Podhoretz's parable of a Yiddish Horatio Alger making it from Brownsville to Manhattan with a mixture of chutzpah and luck is the best way to make these points seems problematic. It is surely clever, and it is expected of members of the family that they be clever. But it could be that boy wonder Norman has been too precocious for his elders—too clever by half, as the English would say. Family reviews of the book have demonstrated that the elders have had a hard time establishing a party line. They could have described the book as high camp (which in a sense is what it is), but unfortunately they are barred from doing that by the fact that camp is no longer so far out as to be in, and therefore is simply out. Norman is not out.

But the secret is out; shaping the taste of the upper-middlebrow consumer is fun and brings power and success—though perhaps not as much success as either Norman or his elders might like to think. They may rub shoulders with the real power elites at New York cocktail parties, but this does not mean they have much power. There are enough upper middlebrows around to provide the family with comfortable life styles, but the upper middlebrows do not elect, for example, the Representative from Kensett, Arkansas. Norman Mailer may think that he is John Kennedy, but he isn't and he didn't elect Kennedy (as he thinks he did), and it's most unlikely that the late President ever turned for serious advice to any of the family—though he would be delighted to have them around at parties for the same reason that they would be delighted to attend: celebrities in one field enjoy basking in the glow of celebrities from other fields. But none of this has much to do with power. And the family does not go to Johnson City.

The *New York Review of Books* has not had much influence on foreign policy since it became more concerned about politics. Nor has it been able to persuade the American population that there was a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy. The family's power is limited both to a relatively small number of people and a special sector of these people's consumption patterns. Furthermore, the upper middlebrows have become so sophisticated that they know enough to compare the taste of the family with the taste of rival arbiters. While the monopoly is not yet broken, it is in peril, and soon the family may be out.

So what Mr. Podhoretz has made is something but, after all, not so much. He is not chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, mayor of Chicago, president of General Motors, business agent of the Carpenters Union, or Cardinal Archbishop of New York. The nice thing about a large and fairly prosperous society is that there is more success and power going around than there are people to grab it. It is possible, therefore, to make it, and even to persuade oneself that one has made it big, while still having relatively small amounts of power. This is really a dirty secret and it is probably not a good idea to write about it yet.

The Trouble with Jeeves

SAREL EIMERL

PLUM PIE, by P. G. Wodehouse. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

Very large numbers of people go through life with an aggrieved sense that it is not as enjoyable as it should be. This might appear an odd situation, for why should anyone suppose that life ought to be different from what it is? The obvious explanation is that one may be led in youth to expect better than he receives. A child brought up by a doting mother might very naturally come to anticipate more affection than he later encounters. To be raised believing athletic doctrines about fair play and sportsmanship is another road to an adulthood of enraged frustration. So is religion. Contemplate the future of a child who is conned into taking seriously the optimistic predictions of the author of the 37th Psalm. "The meek," he reads, "shall inherit the earth." And "yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Hopelessly misdirected, the child resolves to be meek and righteous, thereby spreading happiness, inheriting the earth, and having his seed all make brilliant marriages. I think we can all anticipate his fate. At worst, suicide; at best, the soup kitchen.

But perhaps it would be more accurate to attribute such disasters to the evils of authorship rather than to religion. For it is books that do the most to raise false hopes. These days, the worst harm is inflicted by dirty books which give the impression that all women are promiscuous and orgies commonplace. This is absolute nonsense, and I have long suspected that it is propagated by men who are ugly, charmless, and probably virginal, and who are using pornography not only to make money but also, out of revenge, to degrade other men to their own level of frustration.

But prudery, too, can be dangerously deceptive. It tends to lead its supporters into reading romantic novels that precisely fulfill the prescription offered by Miss Prism: "The good ended happily, and the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bad ended unhappily. That is what fiction means."

Read such books and you are bound to grow up expecting that if you are good, things will go right. To me, the most influential preceptor of this unfortunate doctrine was P. G. Wodehouse. Reading this latest collection of his stories, I realize just how deeply his malign influence penetrated. The stories are not very good Wodehouse. They have all been written since 1964, when Wodehouse was eighty-three, and they lack the old zip. The characters are venerable. The situations and plots are all variations on themes Wodehouse has used often before, and much more effectively. And his prose is not what it used to be. But he is still funnier than almost any other humorist I can think of, and, despite their defects, the stories still give off that familiar, cheery Wodehouse atmosphere which did so much to distort my view of the world, and was the principal cause of his immense popularity.

Obviously, other factors were involved. In his prime, which extended from about book number ten to book number seventy, Wodehouse was a masterful inventor of comic situations and plots, and an excellent storyteller. He created a huge collection of funny characters, and while the only difference between many of them—between Freddie Widgeon and Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright, say—lay in their names, a considerable number of those characters were distinctively individual. Wodehouse also commanded a beautifully easy, graceful style, studded with funny bits of dialogue: "She had a laugh like a squadron of cavalry galloping over a tin bridge." "You know your Shelley, Bertie." "Oh, am I?"

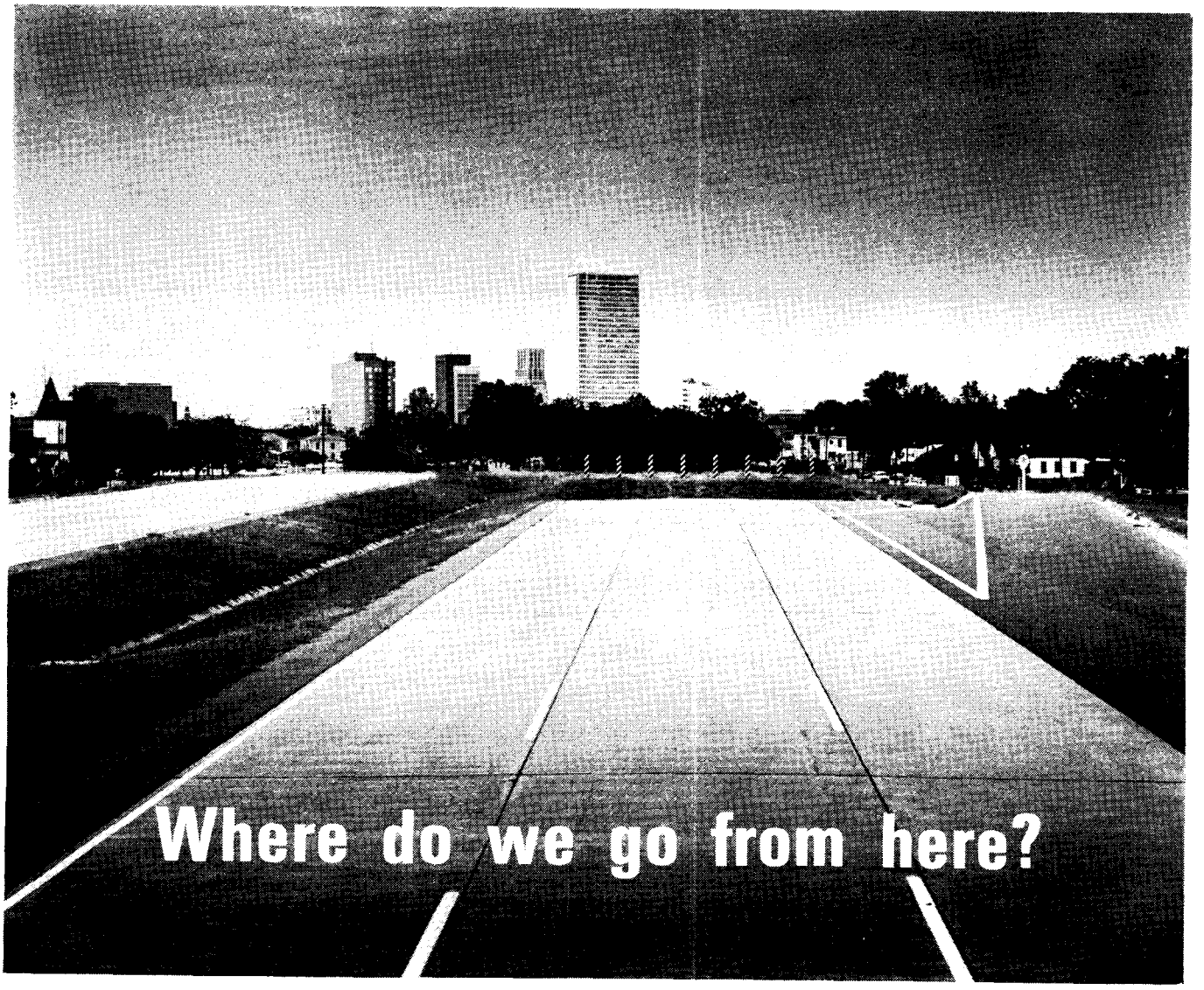
He may not have been as witty as Congreve or as profound as Jonson, but he kept millions of us amused, and he also made us feel good. This was Wodehouse's supreme achievement. It is tempting to argue that he was able to spread joy as he did because he wrote fantasies that had absolutely nothing to do with the real world. It has been said that people stopped talking and acting like Wodehouse characters around about 1905. It has been said that even if anyone did talk like Bertie Wooster or Lord Emsworth, nobody ever behaved like them. It has been said that Wodehouse's characters were insubstantial wraiths, and his situations contrived and ludicrous. This type of criticism has always struck me as silly. Why shouldn't Wodehouse have made his characters talk and act like Edwardians? Malory wrote about the Knights of the Round Table and was highly praised for it. Possibly no one did ever behave precisely like Bertie Wooster, but then, no one, so far as I know, ever behaved precisely like Captain Ahab. I know more women who remind me of the muscular and dominating Honoria Glossop than of the Duchessa Sanseverina.

As FOR the unreality of Wodehouse's situations: to pick at random out of the grab-bag of, I would say, a fairly normal past, I once knew a girl in Florence who had a gentleman friend who lived about fifteen miles outside the city. I used to visit her in the evenings, and, out of fear that he would suddenly arrive on his wretched motor scooter, see the lights on, and insist on being let in, we sat in the dark, she being afraid that he would drop her, and I being afraid of being stabbed in a fit of Tuscan passion. Then, one weekend when he'd gone to visit an aunt in Siena and we thought we were safe, his mother dropped in on Sunday and I spent the afternoon under the bed. If that isn't a Wodehouse situation, I don't know what is.

Wodehouse has always possessed an amiability so vast that it embraced even hostile reviewers. In the introduction to one novel, he mentioned that his previous book had been denounced on the grounds that it was inhabited by the same old Wodehouse characters disguised under new names. "With my superior intelligence," wrote Wodehouse, "I have outgeneralled the fellows. Here are all the same Wodehouse characters under the same old names." This amiability is the keynote of his work. There is no viciousness or brutality or sadness in it. The characters are rarely envious, unpleasant, competitive, dishonest, malicious, or on the make, and those who are get their comeuppance. The hero always gets the heroine, complete with the implication that they will be happy ever after. Naturally, the literary commentators, dour fellows who always count their change, have found it difficult to take this kind of thing seriously. That is their problem, not Wodehouse's, and in theory I remain convinced that his world can be as accurate a reflection of the human condition as that of any other writer—provided that one happens to be as cheerful as Wodehouse. The trouble is that most of us are more scarred than he. We are more suspicious, having learned from experience that if something bad can happen, it will. And we suffer all the more because people like him aroused expectations that are doomed to be as frustrated as they are great.

From one point of view, therefore, we may well be better off now that the Wodehouse style has been replaced by a type of comedy, black or blue or whatever other shade it is currently passing under, which will provide the young with a more realistic conditioning for the jungle warfare of adult life. But reading this latest collection of his stories has confirmed my own preference for the Wodehouse comedy of illusion. *A Damsel in Distress*, my favorite among his novels, opens with the hero feeling lonely and forlorn. He feels even worse when he passes a pretty girl, just the type who could make him happy, and knows there is no way to meet her. He gets into a taxi, and a moment later the girl jumps in. " 'I'm so sorry,' she said breathlessly. 'But would you mind hiding me, please?' " Years of riding taxis have persuaded me that that kind of thing doesn't happen. On the other hand, hoping it will does lend to taxi rides a savor they would not otherwise possess. On balance, despite all the agony, I think I prefer to have experienced the joyous fantasies aroused by Wodehouse's merry optimism rather than to have known from the beginning that all was hopeless. Besides: you may be convinced that no pretty girl would suddenly jump into your taxi and fall in love with you and marry you. You may be convinced that if a pretty girl does jump into your taxi, she will turn out to be an escapee from some house of detention. You may be absolutely certain about it. But even so—you never know. And when you stop hoping, what is there left?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Interstate Highway construction program has been slowing down and some planners seem to want to curtail it even more. Completion of the 41,000 mile system originally scheduled for 1972 will not be achieved then . . . and in some urban areas where the need is most urgent, many are concerned at the prospect of no completion at all.

We of Dorsey Trailers feel that highway users — Americans who own automobiles, trucks and buses — are paying for improved highways they are not getting and may never get. That's why we speak out.

Expressway money accumulated as highway user taxes is the target of special interests who advocate using it for other purposes.

Diverting highway funds would deprive all of us of the safety and convenience modern expressways provide . . . and impede the economic progress of America, which depends so heavily upon efficient, economical highway transport.

When the Interstate program can again shift into high gear and needed highways are being built at a stepped-up rate, don't you agree that the money highway users put into the Highway Trust Fund should still be there to pay for them?

Presented on behalf of the Trucking Industry by

DORSEY TRAILERS
ELBA, ALABAMA
A Subsidiary of The Dorsey Corporation

A MEMBER OF ATA FOUNDATION INC.
AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're really bugs on thoroughness at Olympic Airways. Before every take-off for our 38 cities in Europe and the Middle East, we give our super fan jets a meticulous going-over.

O.K. All airlines do.

Except that we have a special last-minute check. By a special last-minute person.

It's his job to check the music in every seat. That's all. Just the music.

If he plugs into a music channel and there is no music—or if it doesn't sound quite right to him—we snap into action.

Even if you're going no further than Paris, we want you to enjoy the exciting music* of Greece. Which we admit, may become a little too exciting at times. Please remember—no dancing in the aisles.

We go to a lot of trouble to make every Olympic flight seem like a big party. Even as far as paying someone just to listen to bouzouki music. Come to think of it, maybe he ought to be paying us.

While he's checking out the music, you check out your travel agent or Olympic Airways about our low-cost tours of Paris, Rome, Athens, Cairo and Tel Aviv.

OLYMPIC
AIRWAYS

*At nominal charge per IATA. Diners' Club, American Express and all other major credit cards honored.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED